

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone

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- "Unto Us a Child Is Born" (The Parents and Home Life of Handel)
— *Ward S. Miller*
- Should Public Schools Be Irreligious? — *Seymour A. Smith*

January, 1954 - 25c

The *Hearthstone*

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COVER: Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

Published Jointly Each Month By

Christian Board of Publication

WILBUR H. CRAMBLET, *President*
Beaumont and Pine Boulevard
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Missouri

The American Baptist Publication Society

LUTHER WESLEY SMITH, *Executive Secretary*
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Vol. 6

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.

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Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscriptions, \$3.00 per year.

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Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Budgeting Time

*For a thousand years in thy sight
are but as yesterday when it is past,
or as a watch in the night.*

—PSALM 90:4

But to those who dwell upon this earth for even three score years and ten, the advent of a new year has significance. For some it marks the passing of childhood; for others, the beginning of the "age of maturity." Whatever the milestone, a new year suggests new horizons, and the re-evaluation of future goals and past achievements. It brings us opportunity to work out a new budget of our time.

Many of us budget our money, but how many of us budget our time, even though we realize how great a waste is the waste of time, and how irretrievable once it's squandered. If we want to budget time, we must first examine our assets—not just the number of hours we have, but physical energy, ambition, records of past achievement, ability to recover from reversals, and, above all, our faith in ourselves, our family, friends and God.

If we do work out a budget of time, we should expect to make future adjustments. Interruptions may throw it out of kilter; circumstances disrupt it. Besides, if we're sensible we'll realize (like the girl on our Cover) that the time to go sledding is when there is snow.

As we welcome the year 1954 and lay our future plans, let us pray with the psalmist:

*Teach us to number our days
that we may get a heart of wisdom.*

—PSALM 90:12

● **This Issue . . .** A store of New Year's treats for Christian families seeking diversion and direction in the 365 days ahead. There's an account of the early home life of Handel; a discussion of the much-alive subject, religion in our public schools; timely articles for almost all ages—your first baby; training for grown-up days; teen-agers and alcohol; life in a home for the aged.

● **Next Month . . .** More cover-to-cover reading! In the series on famous people—Thomas A. Edison. And these much-needed articles: When You Fail; A Healthy Personality for Your Child. Here's more good news—a Cousin Tom story for the children.

● And now, our own special New Year's wish for you:
*May you find joy where e'er you search,
At home, at work, at school or church!*

—I. P. B.

A word from *The Word*

Now when Jesus came into the district of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, "Who do men say that the Son of man is?" And they said, "Some say John the Baptist, others say Elijah, and others Jeremiah or one of the prophets." He said to them, "But who do you say that I am?" Simon Peter replied, "You are the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus answered him, "Blessed are you, Simon Bar-Jona! For flesh and blood has not revealed this to you, but my Father who is in heaven. And I tell you, you are Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the powers of death shall not prevail against it. I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Then he strictly charged the disciples to tell no one that he was the Christ.

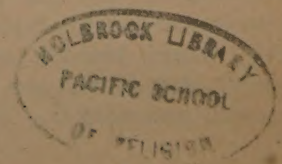
—MATTHEW 16:13-20.



Peter

*Painting by
Peter Paul Rubens
(Flemish School, 1577-1640)*

—Three Lions.





Painting by Thornhill

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL

(1685-1759)

Unfathomable is the inspired work of genius, and Handel's music is no exception, with its power to reach sublimest heights by simplest means. But a glimpse of his early life at home, of his stern, ambitious father, and of his simple, religious mother, may explain in some measure the deep religious fervor of his operas and oratorios, and his unceasing productivity.

IT WAS A STRANGE christening which took place one day in February or March, 1685, in the Liebfrauenkirche of Halle, in Lower Saxony. The old German church had seen few that were stranger.

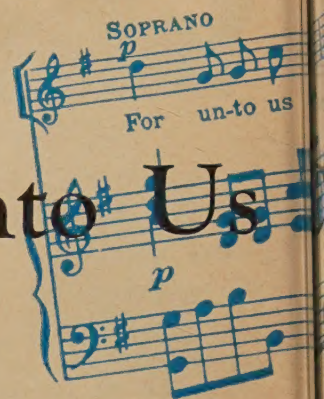
The elderly man in the first pew, with silver hair flowing down over his shoulders, was not the child's grandfather but his father. Stern-faced George Handel, successful barber-surgeon and son of a coppersmith, was sixty-two and

looked somewhat as Abraham must have when Isaac was born. The baby's mother, Dorothea Taust Handel, was thirty-two years younger than her husband.

"Do you believe in the Triune God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?" Pastor Taust, the baby's grandfather, asked, addressing the sponsors, or godparents, who, according to Lutheran custom, stood at the baptismal font with the child while the parents watched from the first pew.

By **WARD S. MILLER**

Professor of English, University of Redlands, Redlands, California



"Unto Us"

"Ja," replied the sponsors. One of them was undoubtedly Anna Taust, the child's aunt. She was also Pastor Taust's daughter.

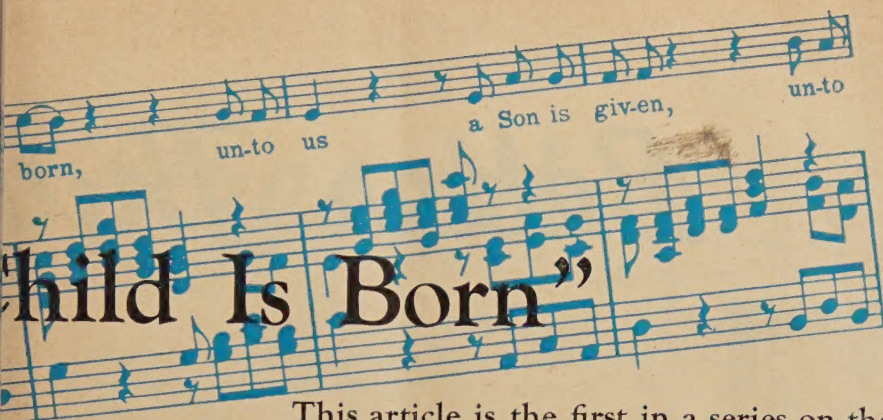
"Wilt thou, by the grace of God, be faithful unto death?" Pastor Taust intoned.

"Ja," replied the sponsors. It was the third of the questions to be answered on behalf of the child. Pastor Taust made a cross on the child's breast with water from the font.

THE FATHER of little George Frideric Handel was a man whom one might admire but hardly love. Biographers call him narrow, morose, and intensely disagreeable. He was a religious man, in his way, but self-centered, and not above rubbing in a victory over an enemy. He was like reinforced concrete, and about as romantic.

Starting more than forty years before as an apprentice to a barber-surgeon, he had worked diligently. There burned within him a driving ambition to do well and to make money. When his employer died, though scarcely twenty-one he married the man's widow, Anna, who was thirty-one. In a few years he had made himself the best barber-surgeon in that district of Germany, and he had six children.

Nothing daunted or discouraged him. He was enterprising, calculating, determined, with a mixture of pride and fierceness that won him almost everything he wanted. He owned one of the



This article is the first in a series on the parents and home life of famous people.

largest houses in Halle, and was surgeon-in-ordinary at the court of Brandenburg.

By the time Herr Handel was nearly sixty, his health failed and grew steadily worse until it was clear that he was dying. His condition was so bad that prayers were said for him in the churches. His confessor came and administered the last sacrament.

Then the undefeatable old man with the driving ambition rallied. Gradually, he recovered his strength, seemingly by sheer will power. At length, he was strong enough to kneel in church and thank God for restoring him.

At this point, Herr Handel's story reads like the story of Job. A year after his recovery, his wife Anna died, leaving him virtually alone in the big house on the Schlamm, for only two of his six children had survived. Soon, in an outbreak of the plague, his son Gottfried perished. Unlike the other surviving son Karl, Gottfried, a surgeon with a good practice, had stayed near enough to home to be a comfort to his father's old age.

Among the few friends of the old man was Pastor Taust, in the suburb of Giebichenstein. It was in Pastor Taust's house where he visited

and frequently had dinner when he made one of his regular trips, a somber figure all in black except for a white lace collar and his silver curls, with a black skull-cap on top of his head.

Only three or four months after Anna's death, this surprising old man asked Pastor Taust for Dorothea's hand in marriage, and soon word got around that she was engaged to him. But she refused to marry him until she had nursed her father and other relatives through the effects of the plague.

Such was the silver-haired father of this genius child at the

baptismal font. The child was no less a consolation to the unlovable but deserving old man than he was to Dorothea, who was to lose her plague-weakened father within the year and who had seen her first child die at birth a year before. Little George was the first grandchild Pastor Taust had been privileged to look upon alive.

What little George Frideric was to mean to Dorothea's sister, Anna Taust, one can only conjecture from our meager knowledge of what she did for him. Two sisters followed little George in rapid succession, and Anna, who came to live with her sister after her father died, was to have an unusually large part in the upbringing of the future composer.

Nobody expected much of the boy, though, except as he filled an aching, empty space in the grief-haunted lives of three love-starved adults. How could anyone suspect that this child would some day write the most stirring oratorio in the world, an oratorio that at its climax in the "Hallelujah Chorus" brings every audience to its feet from sheer ecstacy as much as from custom.

In a sense, the child had two mothers and no father. Herr Handel was busy or away much of the time. He was too old to enter into a small boy's world, even if he were not too self-centered and morose. He lived for thirteen years after the christening scene, but only to resist the boy's musical inclinations and to put him in a local school which may have been chosen more for economy than for its excellence.

But the best qualities of the unmusical father lived in the genius son—vigor, determination, enterprise, thrift, stability, piety, and, above all, ambition. It was Dorothea Handel—and Anna Taust—from whom the bent toward music must have come, along with a
(Continued on page 28.)



HANDEL'S FATHER

This unusual portrait is reproduced from Newman Flower's biography George Frideric Handel (Scribner's Sons, 1948) and is used by special permission of the publisher.

Better Than



"Why didn't he let me know he approves of me, instead of criticizing," Esther sobbed.

ILLUSTRATION BY
HARLEY E. STIVERS

Harley Stivers

PORTIA ROBBINS hummed as she put the laundry away. The precise neatness of the cupboards and closets of her home were a constant source of satisfaction to her. She glanced at her reflection in the dresser mirror as she put her husband's shirts in a drawer. The glass showed a youthful face, and figure as neat and trim as the room behind it. Only a few threads of gray were interwoven in the brown of her hair. She turned to smooth an imaginary wrinkle in the pink bedspread.

"I even managed to keep my house looking nice

when Stewart was small," she mused. Portia frowned. Somehow she had never quite succeeded in teaching her son to keep his room in order. She remembered the fuss he had made as a boy when she insisted upon cleaning his desk. Well, after five years of being married to untidy Lucy, Stewart must often long for the neatness of his parents' home. Lucy was a dear, of course, but so careless about her housekeeping. She thought nothing of leaving a sink full of dirty dishes while she went off on a carefree walk with the children!

Present

The phone rang and Portia's heart quickened when the operator told her it was long distance from University City. "Stewart, are you all right?" she asked anxiously when his familiar voice greeted her.

"I'm fine, Mom," he reassured, "but Lucy isn't. She fell day before yesterday while painting the upper part of the kitchen cupboard and wrenched her knee. The doctor says she'll have to stay in bed several more days."

"Poor girl," Portia sympathized. "Why didn't you send for me at once?"

"Lu wouldn't let me," Stewart explained. "She still doesn't know I'm calling you. The neighbors are all helping us out but I'm having trouble studying for mid-term exams because I have to run after the twins or get up in the night with the baby. He's cutting teeth and cries a lot."

"I'll take the first train out," Portia decided. "I've been wanting to visit you ever since you moved into the quonset anyway. Hope it is not so crowded as the last apartment was."

"It's not half bad," Stewart said. "Lucy had hoped to get the interior all painted before you came to see us, though."

"Well, that's not too important." Portia felt secretly annoyed. Lucy had had ample time to get properly settled if she were at all efficient. "Son, I'll take a cab to your address. Be seeing you, dear."

As she put the receiver in its cradle Portia was making quick plans. First, she telephoned her husband to explain about her trip. James expressed sympathy for Lucy and said Portia must stay as long as she was needed, though he would miss her sorely. Next, she brought her traveling case from the attic and deftly packed the things she would need to be gone two weeks. Then she went to ask Esther Johnson, her next-door neighbor, to come over every morning to care for the canary and house plants, for James would probably forget.

"Why, Esther, are you ill?" Portia asked as she entered the Johnson kitchen.

"Not physically," Esther sighed. "Ben's dad left early this morning after being here a month and I just feel let down."

"Naturally, with all the extra work a house guest makes," Portia said.

"It wasn't the work," Esther blinked back a tear. "It's just that Dad Johnson is so bossy! Oh, in a nice refined way, of course. But he followed me around every hour of every day making what was

supposed to be one helpful suggestion after another about improving my house, or how I should raise Junior or telling me I must make Ben get his hair cut more often. Not once in the thirty days did he say one really favorable thing to me, about the house or my family!"

"Esther, he simply raved to us about what a fine homemaker and mother you are!" Portia exclaimed.

"Oh, Mrs. Robbins, why didn't he let me know he approves of me?" Esther covered her face with her hands. "I've been constantly criticized until I feel small enough to crawl under a worm! I haven't wanted to let Ben know how hurt and resentful I am, but—"

"There, there," Portia put a motherly arm around the sobbing young woman.

Esther swallowed hard. "I just discovered a present Dad left on the guest room bed. It is the full length mirror I've wanted for so long. The note says it is in appreciation for my kindness to him. Right now I feel I'd like to smash the mirror! One word of approval from Dad would be a thousand times better than a present!"

"After you've had a chance to rest up and think of more pleasant things you'll get over feeling so hurt," Portia promised wisely.

"Maybe," Esther wiped her eyes, "but believe me, I'll never try to boss my son's wife. I don't care what a bad housekeeper she may be or if she can't boil water without burning it, I will say only favorable things to her. I want to be loved, not resented!"

Half an hour later Portia was leaning back in the train seat watching the landscape speed by. She could not forget Esther Johnson's outburst. It was not like Esther to complain. The older Mr. Johnson must really have been a trial. Imagine a man trying to tell a housewife how to do her work! Why, even another woman had no right to be bossy like that.

Portia sat up straight and stiff, remembering Lucy's reluctance to let Stewart send for his mother. Could it be that Lucy resented Portia the way Esther did Ben's dad? The last time Portia had visited her son's family for more than a day was when the baby was born, six months ago. She had slaved far into the night every day that Lucy was in the hospital to get the apartment scrubbed and all the closets and drawers beautifully neat as a surprise. Then Lucy's thank-you had been only halfhearted! Since then, Stewart had brought his family to his parents' home less often than he used to, and each time Portia fancied Lucy was reserved and formal to her. Surely the younger woman did not feel Portia was trying to be bossy. She only made suggestions to the young couple for their own good. They must know that she loved them and the children dearly, and would do anything to add to their comfort or happiness. Of course, she had never come right out and told them how she felt, but her love must be obvious.

IT WAS LATE in the afternoon when Portia's cab drew up in front of the row of quonset huts which housed



the married graduate students attending the state university. As she knocked on the door of one, Portia heard a baby wailing. "Come in," a tired voiced called. She stepped inside. The room was a tangle of children's blocks, dolls, and toy cars. A heap of soiled baby clothing was piled beside the couch on which a young woman lay.

"Mother Robbins!" Lucy cried, holding out her arms. "How did you know we needed you?"

"A little bird told me." Portia hugged Lucy. "Here, let me kiss my grandson," and she picked up the fretful infant squirming beside his mother. "Jimmy, you've grown so much since I saw you! You look more like your daddy every day." Turning back to Lucy, Portia asked where the twins were.

"Playing with young friends," Lucy explained. "Stew will get them on his way home from the lab. Sit down, won't you? I'm sorry the house is such a mess. I've been in bed three days, you know."

Portia started to suggest that three-year-old Grace and Ellen could have picked up their own playthings, but remembered the hurt look in Esther Johnson's eyes, and instead said she would change her dress and start supper.

The ensuing hours were difficult for Portia, as confusion and disorder always bothered her. The twins had greeted her shrilly and insisted upon bringing all of their treasures for her to see as she was trying to peel potatoes and prepare the salad. She found herself wanting to make suggestions to Stewart and Lucy about needed improvements in the arrangement of the house and to call their attention to faults

of the girls' behavior but managed to restrain herself. She even refrained from saying it was no wonder Jimmy cried with his bare feet so cold. Portia was determined not to sound like Mr. Johnson!

AFTER THE CHILDREN were in bed and the dishes done, Stewart retired to the quiet of the kitchen to study. "Mother Robbins, you look tired," Lucy said. "Please sit down and rest."

Portia sank into the one easy chair the house afforded and glanced around. "The twins did a nice job of putting away their toys," she said approvingly.

Lucy smiled. "I'm trying to teach them to take care of their things. They left unexpectedly this afternoon when our friends came for them. That is why everything was so scattered when you arrived."

"I see," Portia nodded. "Lucy, you have made this living room really beautiful in spite of the awkward rounded walls and ceiling!" She did not add that she disliked that pale shade of green in the rug with the rust of the couch cover.

"Thanks," Lucy's voice sounded muffled. After a pause she began, "Mom, I owe you an apology," and Portia realized it was the first time her son's wife had called her "Mom." "I dreaded having you come to visit us," Lucy continued, "because I was afraid you would find the house all wrong as you did our old apartment. I know you feel I am not a good housekeeper because I put having fun with Stew and the children first. That is what Stew wants, too. Each person must live by her own special pattern, and I am so happy that the difference between your pattern and mine need not keep us from being close to each other. At times I have felt you were almost hostile toward me, but I know now I was entirely wrong."

"I hadn't thought much about people having different patterns to live by," Portia confessed. "Your way of life may be just as good as mine. Stewart certainly is happy with you. I guess I have neglected to tell you that I love you, Lucy, and honestly feel you are a good wife and mother."

The radiance on Lucy's face told Portia that expressing her approval and affection had meant more to her daughter-in-law than any present would.

Around My Heart

Though skies are spread with somber gray,
And bitter north winds blow,
And old familiar paths, today,
Are hidden by the snow,
I cannot say I wish for spring
With skies completely clear,
Or miss the feathered friends that sing—
Around my hearth is cheer.

ANNIS RIDINGS

For those with parenthood just ahead, here's a warmhearted article that describes your future plight. It should give you courage and strengthen your faith.

Your First Baby

by Harry B. Partin

Associate minister, First Christian Church
Pomona, California



—Edward C. Pohlman.

Your Christian faith is the most precious heritage you can share with him. Rearing him to become a fine Christian may be the most significant thing you do with your life.

YOUR MINISTER glanced up into the bright eyes of the two of you. "Why, yes, he is a fine baby. Looks a great deal like his father, I believe, but then those eyes are strictly his mother's." And the two of you beamed because someone said what both of you already knew: this is a very special baby. To you, if not to everyone, he is. He is *your* baby, *your* responsibility, and *your* delight. You now know the meaning of "blessed event."



—Eva Luoma.

Do you remember those days of pregnancy, those snail-paced days? Perhaps "tenderness" best describes your relationship in those days. The prospective father very much in love with his wife and perhaps a bit oversolicitous. The mother-to-be somewhat amused by "father's" caution and deeply grateful for his tenderness. And ahead of you parenthood, frightening, yet desired.

At last your child arrived. The customary announcements were dispatched. The postman kept bringing gifts, expressions of the good wishes of your friends. Your relatives began that never-concluded game of deciding whether Johnny looks like Aunt Mary or Great-grandfather Jameson whose picture you remember in the parlor when you were a child back in Ohio. Probably neither. Friends called, and neighbors brought food and willing hands. And, of course, the parade of salesmen marched up to your door. "Of course, you want baby pictures! The pictures are free and there's only a slight charge for this beautiful leather album." "High chairs are dangerous, you know. Now I have here the latest thing in baby-feeding furniture."

Yes, you find delight in your first baby. You love him; you want the best for him.

Your minister called on you in the hospital shortly after he learned of the new arrival. He realized he was standing in the presence of one of the major experiences

of human life. Do you remember the prayer? He prayed for both of you and for the new baby. It was really a prayer of thanksgiving, wasn't it? Yes, a prayer of gratitude to God for the gift of a child. Your hearts were saying "Amen." And then he asked God to guide you as new parents. Perhaps you didn't realize just how much you would need that guidance until you walked out of the hospital with *your* baby. Out in the big, wide world he seemed so tiny. Surely you would need help.

We live daily in the presence of miracles. When we are surrounded by them, we seldom recognize them for what they are. But the miracle of birth is so dramatic that we always marvel in its presence. Obstetricians confess that the delivery of a baby never becomes a commonplace experience. Each birth awakens a renewed sense of awe in the presence of the Creator.

But birth itself is not the only wonderful experience new parents have. For a few weeks it seemed that your baby was interested only in eating and sleeping. You made the queerest sounds to attract his attention. He didn't want to play; he only wanted to eat! How quickly he began to change! You were amazed how soon he began to develop his own personality. Then you discovered that certain sounds pleased him. All along you had suspected that he was cross-eyed, although neither had mentioned his fears to the other. But now the eyes were beginning to focus, and your child was seeing you for the first time. Those eyes had been a deep blue color, but now they were changing. Within a few months he had brown eyes—like mother's.

Those little hands were getting busier all the time. He could flail them like a windmill. Do you remember when he grabbed your little finger for the first time? You were surprised that he could hold so tightly. Soon the gift rattles were brought out, and he discovered a new pleasure. He was discovering the world—with hands and mouth. Sometimes the world was a little startling, as when he dropped the rattle on the floor. Its sharp noise brought an

outburst of tears. And those tears! He didn't have tears at first, but within a few months his eyes were wet, a condition that will continue for some years! Shortly his legs began their flurry. Remember how he consistently kicked off the little blankets, tucked in with loving care? Sometimes arms and legs would be going at the same time, and he was just one little bundle of big activity.

Yes, you witnessed daily miracles in the life of your child. God was already at work bringing to fulfillment the life he had created.

Your baby's needs are always on your mind. He has become your greatest concern. A rise in temperature, prolonged crying, a rash—these all arouse anxieties. Sometimes you're a little ridiculous about it, you know!

Baby's physical needs are wonderfully met. His diet is better than yours! Each week the grocery list contains a whole section for baby—strained meats, fruits, and vegetables, banana flakes, condensed milk, and a dozen other items. It gets just a little complicated! Baby's physical comfort is your constant concern, too. Your back-yard clothesline flies the pennants of parenthood. You learn to live with an omnipresent talcum powder can. And so does baby. You bring home an expensive Teddy bear, only to discover he prefers to play with his powder can!

You are concerned about baby's emotional needs, too. You love him; that's easy. In the past, some psychologists gave us the impression that we must not love our children too much. Actually, we now know we cannot love them too much, but we can love them unwisely. There's a difference between "mothering" and "smothering." Your baby is highly sensitive to his surroundings. More than anything, he needs to be assured of your love and thus find the support and stability love provides in a home. In a world marked by instability, the home more than ever must provide an atmosphere of warmth, acceptance, and the worth of individuals. It isn't easy to have such a home. The stresses and strains of the world beyond its walls are felt.

Someone has said that many homes actually collapse from outside pressures. Yet there are homes with resources of love and faith that enable them to stand and to provide a place of nurture for young lives.

Your baby has religious needs, too. Perhaps that isn't so obvious to you. You may think his religious needs will begin when he is ready for the kindergarten department. Not so! He needs the Christian faith now. He needs what it will do to *you* as his parents! He deserves the very best parents he can have. You want to be such parents. Sometimes you're a little frightened by your new responsibilities, aren't you?

The very best preparation you can make for parenthood is to discover and cultivate a deep religious faith. Share in the life of the church. Join with other young couples in the church who have small children. Perhaps you will want to help form a "Hearthstone Fellowship" as many churches have.

Most churches today have a well equipped nursery. If yours does not, see what can be done about it. Take your child very soon. He will be well cared for, and his earliest memories will be of pleasant times in the church.

Many churches have special materials that will help you in the spiritual nurture of your child. Such booklets as "A Message to Parents of Children Under Two" are a real help. Ask your minister or church school superintendent about them.

In the home many young parents have their baby at table, at least for the grace. How enriching it is for mother and father to join hands and then let baby clutch their fingers as the prayer is said. In this circle of love, religion has already become a family affair.

Yes, you find delight in your first baby. You love him; you want the best for him. Your Christian faith is the most precious heritage you can share with him. Rearing your child to become a fine, Christian man (or woman) may be the most significant thing you do with your life.

Should Public Schools Be Irreligious?

By Seymour A. Smith

Here an expert discusses a question of great concern to Protestant parents throughout our land. Dr. Smith, assistant professor of higher education at Yale Divinity School, is a member of the Committee on Religion in the Public Schools, of the National Council of Churches. He is also a member of the Editorial Board of The Christian Scholar.

ABOUT five years ago in Champaign, Illinois, a mother went to the school board and complained that her young son was being embarrassed. Once a week, she maintained, classes in religion were held in the school buildings, under the auspices of local churches. Classes were attended by youngsters who had the permission of their parents. This mother did not want her son to receive religious instruction. He was not forced to attend classes in religion, but he found it embarrassing not to be doing what many of the rest were doing. Mrs. McCollum wanted these classes stopped. That request went a long way—all the way to the United States Supreme Court. The justices agreed with her. Classes held under this Champaign Plan were unconstitutional, and should be stopped, they said. The decision of this court touched off controversies in educational and religious circles all over the country.

More recently, a few parents in Brooklyn objected to the holding of classes in religion off of school premises but during school hours. This complaint, too, reached the United States Supreme Court. In this instance, the justices declared that classes in religion on released time, sponsored by the churches, outside of school buildings, were not illegal.

In New York State, the Board of Regents recommended that at the beginning of every school day the following prayer, applicable to all three major faiths, be used: "Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, and we beg Thy blessing upon us, our parents, our teachers, and our country." This recommendation set off arguments from Buffalo to Albany, from Watertown to the Bronx.

These are only a few of many possible illustrations demonstrating the highly controversial nature of relating religion to the public schools—controversies always heavily charged with emotion.

Underlying all of this controversy is a fundamental concern for the spiritual development of our children and young people. Parents and the general public are rightly concerned with stories of teen-age dope rings, violations of honor codes, basketball "fixes," and other less dramatic but no less fundamental transgressions of morality and common decency. There is further concern that the religious foundations upon which the value structures of our culture have been built be rediscovered by each new generation. That the public schools have a part to play in strengthening the spiritual resources of youth is generally agreed. What that part should be is less clear.

What Are the Schools Doing?

One of the deterrents to intelligent discussion of what the schools *should* be doing is the vast amount of misinformation regarding what the schools *are* doing. In appraising the public schools there is a tendency to go to extremes—to condemn them overly much or to defend them overly much.

But what are the facts? Fortunately, it is now possible to report with reasonable assurance on the present situation. Two years ago, a very careful study was undertaken by a committee of the

American Council on Education to discover what is now being done about religion in the public schools of America.¹

There are public schools at the elementary and secondary levels which deliberately attempt to avoid religion. This is the province of the home and the churches, they argue. Furthermore, they assume that separation of church and state forbids any direct dealing with religion on the part of public institutions. Even if there were no legal prohibition, they continue, religion is a controversial issue which can split communities into warring camps.

Actually, however, there are relatively few institutions taking such a negative attitude toward religion, either deliberately or accidentally. For, as the director of the study concludes, "contrary to the frequent assertion that there is and can be no religion in tax-supported schools, we have found exceedingly few examples of complete avoidance."

Much more frequently the public schools encourage and make provision for a wide variety of religious practices and activities. The provisions vary from school to school, but some of the more common need to be noted. Reading of the Bible at the beginning of the school day is regularly undertaken in many schools. As a matter of fact, it is required by

¹The findings are reported in detail in the book *The Function of the Public Schools in Dealing with Religion*, American Council on Education, Washington 6, D. C., 1953.

law in eleven states. It is of further interest to note that a recent United States Supreme Court ruling found nothing unconstitutional about this practice. Some schools supplement Bible reading with prayers and devotional exercises. It is not uncommon to provide assembly programs which include religious topics and the observance of religious festivals such as Christmas, Hanukkah (the Festival of Lights, an eight-day Jewish celebration about December 1), Easter, and Thanksgiving.

Instruction in religion is incorporated in many school programs. In some instances, elective courses in Bible are offered in the regular

It is obvious from this survey that the public schools, by and large, are not devoid of religion and religious influences. The pattern, however, is a checkered one, and it is impossible to know without a careful study of a particular school system what is or is not being done.

What Should the Public Schools Do?

To describe what *is* being done is not necessarily a satisfactory answer to the question of what *should* be done. We must move on, then, to ask, What do concerned parents and the church have a right to expect of the schools?

the state and religion would be alien to each other—hostile, suspicious and even unfriendly. . . . When the state encourages religious instruction or cooperates with religious authority by adjusting the schedule of public events to sectarian needs, it follows the best of our traditions. . . .”

The U.S. Supreme Court has not defined all of the practices which might be considered acceptable. It seems clear, however, that there is now reasonably wide legal latitude for continuation of many present practices and new experimentation.

Second, all public schools should be encouraged to recognize that religion is an inherent part of culture, and specifically in Western civilization the Judeo-Christian tradition has definitively affected our way of life. It is reasonable to expect, therefore, that the public schools will share knowledge about, and respect for, religion.

Third, wherever necessary, public schools should be called to task for deliberately or accidentally avoiding dealing with religion, for opposing religion or for teaching a substitute for religion. To avoid, oppose or substitute does violence to our total heritage and constitutes a major failure in the school's responsibility to share with each new generation the total richness of our culture.

Fourth, by way of implementing the above, the minimum that public schools should be expected to provide is an appropriate dealing with religion in the normal subject matter areas of the curriculum. To deal with religious ideas, religious institutions, religious leaders in history, literature, social studies and the arts is not only legitimate, but, conversely, to eliminate the religious dimension perverts these disciplines. We are, therefore, not engaged in special pleading for religion, but only requesting that subjects be taught competently including all important relevant material.

Further, the public schools should be encouraged to cooperate in other practices which will contribute to the religious understand-

(Continued on page 30.)

Should Public Schools Be Irreligious?

Religious practices vary in our tax-supported schools. What is being done in your own school district? What do concerned parents and the church have a right to expect of the schools?

curriculum. In even more instances, schools cooperate in released-time programs through which instruction in religion is provided by personnel afforded through local churches but within regular school hours. As noted at the beginning of this article, the United States Supreme Court in the Brooklyn case has declared this constitutional if classes are *not* held on school property.

There is still another way in which instruction in religion is afforded. This is through the direct and factual dealing with religion wherever and whenever it normally arises in any of the subject matter areas of the school curriculum. For example, in courses in art and music it is normal practice to deal with religious art and religious music; or in courses in social studies, to deal with the religions of the people being studied and with the influence of religious institutions and religious ideas on the development of culture.

First, whatever is done should be legal. This brings us immediately to the problem of separation of church and state. And here there is great confusion and much misunderstanding. In the minds of some, separation of church and state means a complete divorce of religion and public institutions. This is, however, a misreading of the first amendment to the Constitution, which says only, “Congress shall make no law regarding the establishment of a religion nor prohibiting the free exercise thereof.” It is now generally accepted historically that the Founding Fathers had no intention of an absolute and complete separation of religion from public life. And it is clear that the U.S. Supreme Court justices see the possibility of careful, defined cooperation. For Justice Douglas, in a recent decision, says: “The First Amendment, however, does not say that in every and all respects there shall be a separation of church and state. . . . Otherwise

By William J. Hand

Librarian, Eastern Baptist
Theological Seminary



Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln*, Rupert Hughes' *George Washington*, Henry F. Pringle's *Theodore Roosevelt*, and Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery*. Other titles may be selected at the various age levels, dealing with similar personalities.

Literature is usually defined as those works in which imagination and taste predominate. It includes fiction, drama, poetry and essays. And of these, fiction and poetry are of special value for the home library.

Fiction should be chosen on themes about family life which will give parents a clearer perspective of their children. This is the opinion expressed by Mrs. Mildred Matthews, readers' adviser for adults at the New York Public Library. As examples, she cites: *Alice Adams*, by Booth Tarkington; *The Garden Party*, by Katherine Mansfield; *The Lardners and the Laurelwoods*, by Sheila Kaye-Smith; and *They Came Like Swallows*, by William Maxwell.

As most children like stories, they can be used to develop a desire for reading and to improve the quality of the material selected. Jeannette Foster has devised the following chart, which could be used as a guide in choosing authors. It begins at the immature and easy level and continues to the mature

IN ORDER to strengthen family life, a definite emphasis is being placed on the positive elements of home relationships and the mutual happy experiences which bring parent and child together. Among these experiences the use of books is most important, for around them can be developed a sense of unity. Beginning in the earliest stages of childhood, a sense of family solidarity can be attained by reading aloud to the children as the family gather together and, later, as they learn to read and evaluate by an interchange of ideas through discussion.

A library in the home may be the channel through which interests are brought into being. It may thus broaden the horizon, as well as provide wholesome recreation within the family circle.

One of the important objectives in any library is to create a well-rounded collection to meet the needs and the interests of the entire family. This can be accomplished by grouping books into various categories and thinking in terms of the class. For the home library, a suggested grouping is as follows:

Reference	History
Biography	Religion
Literature	Science
Fiction	Sociology
Poetry	Travel
Drama	

The *reference* section is basic, and contains some of the most use-

ful information available. It is this class which can be consulted to give definite information, as such works are comprehensive and yet condensed in treatment. In the Christian home, religious reference books should have an important place. Among these are Bible dictionaries, concordances, and books of a more general nature, such as Edersheim's *The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, which present background material for Bible study. Reference books include such works as dictionaries, atlases, several versions of the Bible, books of quotations, almanacs, and encyclopedias.

Biography for the family library should consist of the lives of individuals who have wholesome personality traits, especially those traits which contribute to a well-integrated family relationship. Into this category would be one or more books on the life of Christ,

New interests, new horizons, greater imagination and knowledge—these are a few of the results of a library in the home.



Some Thoughts on BOOKS . . .

It is with books as with men: a very small number play a great part, the rest are lost in the multitude.

—VOLTAIRE

to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

—FRANCIS BACON

That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.

—AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT

Where is human nature so weak as in the bookstore!

—HENRY WARD BEECHER

No book of great and established reputation is read till it is read at least twice.

—ARNOLD BENNETT

There are books of which the backs and covers are by far the best parts.

—CHARLES DICKENS

Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age.

—JEREMY COLLIER

Some books are to be tasted, others

and difficult level. Here are some of the authors listed:

1. *Very easy, for immature and seriously retarded readers:*

Ethel M. Dell; Viña Delmar; Grace Livingston Hill; Emilie Loring; Gene Stratton Porter; Olive Higgins Prouty; Jean Webster.

2. Kathleen Norris; Berta Ruck.

3. *Beginning of characterization:*

Warwick Deeping; Edna Ferber; Fannie Hurst.

4. James Barrie; Charles Dickens; Zona Gale; Ellen Glasgow; Ernest Hemingway; James Hilton; Sinclair Lewis; Hugh Walpole.

5. Arnold Bennett; George Eliot; Knut Hamsun; Victor Hugo.

6. Somerset Maugham; George Meredith; Marcel Proust; Leo Tolstoi.

Many of the greatest religious sentiments have been expressed in poems, especially in the great hymns of the church. For the sake of economy, it is perhaps wise to choose anthologies, such as *Masterpieces of Religious Verse*, edited by James Dalton Morrison; *The World's Great Religious Poetry*, by Caroline Hill; and *The Home Book of Quotations*, by Burton Stevenson. Yet, in selecting books for a library, one should

consider individual tastes and try to create an appreciation for poetry by selecting authors of one's choice.

Much work has been done to present *history* in an attractive and interesting form, largely through the use of illustrated materials. These highly illustrated works can be appreciated at all age levels, and may arouse a genuine interest in the field. In addition, the outstanding historians, including James Truslow Adams, Charles and Mary Beard, and James Henry Breasted, as well as outstanding titles, like the *Outline of History*, by H. G. Wells, should not be neglected.

A great deal could be written about the books to be selected in *religion*. It is valuable for the home library to acquire titles directly related to life. The various age levels in the family should be considered, to help all members develop their spiritual life. Included in this collection should be some of the good, yet simple, stories of the Bible, as for example, Jesse L. Hurlbut's *Story of the Bible*. It is also important to include some of the religious classics, such as W. Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, and other devotional gems which offer real inspiration. J. B. Phillips' *Letters to Young Churches*, and other recent translations of the Bible or

parts of it, will appeal to the young adult. For the mature members of the family, consideration should be given to titles in Doctrine, Church History, Missions, etc.

Science titles may be chosen for their permanent value or as a means of developing vocational or avocational interests. It is wise to recognize the diversity of interests among members of the family, and to select the authorities in each field. This would not necessitate selecting technical books, as many outstanding scientists have written for popular consumption. The classics which have marked the progress of discovery and are esteemed for their historical significance also should not be overlooked. A few such authors are Lucretius, Bacon, Galileo, Harvey, Boyle, Newton and Faraday.

The *sociological studies* are among the more rapidly growing fields of knowledge and perhaps offer more really practical information to parents and the older children than do most subjects. Of especial interest to the home are books devoted to the family and family life. Suggested titles are: Ernest W. Burgess and Harvey J. Locke, *The Family, from Institution to Companionship*; E. W. Burgess and Leonard S. Cottrell, *Predicting Success or Failure in Marriage*.

Few books can capture the imagination of youth to a greater extent than those on *travel*. These are usually classified according to form, as descriptive, pictorial, scientific, economic, antiquarian, and philosophical. Among the descriptive are many by missionaries, and these may be of real value in a home library. While usually they record the life in a country, they also contain the writer's own personal observations there, as in the works of A. H. Smith (China), S. M. Zwemer (Arabia), P. W. Harrison (Arabia), and Dan Crawford (Africa).

No attempt has been made to establish specific titles as "musts" for a family library. Rather, generalities have been stated, with the use of a few titles as typical illustrations. However, the following

(Continued on page 29.)

JIM'S MIND was too tired and fuzzy to rebel when the bartender leaned over the counter and sneered, "Better go home, Sonny!" He lifted himself wearily from the stool and went out of the tavern and got into his car. Three hours later, he pulled up into his driveway, slumped over the wheel, and slept there until his dad found him as he was going to work the next morning.

Jim knew what his dad would say even before he heard the words. And he was right.

"Come on, Boy. Let's go into the house and see your mother." The older man offered his arm to his son.

Jim answered by growling, "Let go!" He staggered into the house unassisted and went upstairs to his room. Locking the door behind him, he faced the haggard reflection in the mirror, and snarled, "Sonny Boy!"

If anyone had looked in upon Jim a few moments later, he would



have found the "boy" face down on the bed, sobbing like a five-year-old instead of the seventeen-year-old he was. But age was not Jim's problem, not physical age, at least. He reached six feet in his stockings, and his voice was already deep.

Jim was troubled emotionally. Sure, he looked old enough among adults, but he didn't act like one. To cover up for his immaturities, Jim often aped adult habits. He talked big and impressively in a crowd of strangers. And lately, he'd discovered that drinking made him feel more like a grownup, and that was what he and most young people his age wanted more than anything else.

Jim was finding out the hard way that liquor was killing his

Why do teen-agers become habitual drinkers? Should abstainers attend social affairs where alcoholic drinks are served?

How can nondrinkers encourage others to abstain? These are questions teen-agers are asking, and here are some answers.

Personality Prop

by Mary Ann Worrall

own unique personality, his chances for a future as a respected lawyer, his hopes for a happily married life, his plans for a bright future for his parents, and, worst of all, his dreams of peace and contentment for himself. He had revolted against the arm of parental and other adult authority, and was trying to prove himself.

He needed help and understanding, and he needed friends who knew how to keep busy and happy without a prop like alcohol. Many other fellows his age were following the same path he was. They would all learn how wrong that way is, but would they ever be able to overcome the drinking habit which had become such a part of their lives while they were learning! Jim and his chums needed advice in the beginning, when they were first confronted with the temptation to drink. They needed to have someone jab them with a desire to be independent, to be different from the rest of the crowd who drank.

CONSTITUTIONALLY, independence is granted to every United States citizen; but the kind of independence that the youth of today should be taught, is personal independence, or self-determination. Too few young people have the nerve to stand up and go against the crowd when everyone else follows it closely.

Anne, for instance, went to college last fall for the first time. She came from Abbeyville, a town of about three thousand retired

farmers and businessmen. Although many youth her age drank, she belonged to a group of nondrinkers, mostly by coincidence, not by encouragement or choice. Her first party at college was a picnic. There's no need telling how shocked she was when she discovered that college kids seldom eat at picnics. They just drink, and what they drink isn't soda pop.

As her blind date opened the beer cans, Anne feared that if she refused one, she would be blackballed by the fellows in the fraternity which was giving the picnic. She accepted the beer, drank a sip or two, and although she didn't exactly like the taste of it, she smiled and told herself it was wonderful and that she felt fine. Then



she noticed that over on the other side of the bonfire was a group of fellows and girls (a very small group) who were having a jolly time singing and laughing and talking, and none of them was drinking. Anne envied them, but she was afraid to join this minority.

And so it went. Party after party, Anne was faced with the same question of "to drink or not

to drink," and she kept reassuring herself that one little drink wouldn't hurt her. About the time that she began to be seriously interested in a boy who carried a hip flask, she suddenly realized that she wasn't looking for a future with a man like him. And what other kind of man could she get if she kept on drinking?

With a guilty conscience, she sought the friendship of three sorority sisters who didn't drink. The change in activities was hard for her to make, but she was soon having more fun than she had ever had in her life. Besides, Earl, her new "pinmate," was not only secretary of his fraternity and a most eligible young man, but a nondrinker.

Anne herself had discovered soon enough that she had almost believed that drinking was the key to popularity. Now she knows that drinking is only the crutch which she had leaned upon to get ahead. Had there not been thinkers around to discourage her against the drinkers, she might have been destined to life with, if not life as, an alcoholic.

DICK SUTTON was one of the thinkers. He always thought of drinking as he did of boxing—

the longer you do either of them, the punchier you get. How well he remembered his first night away at school, when Tom, his roommate, was carried in on a homemade stretcher. All night long, Dick had held Tom's head and cared for him. When Tom repeated his performance the next week, Dick became sick of it. He grew discouraged when he saw that many fellows were too weak to give up the few moments of excitement they had, despite the many hours of agony they suffered in hangovers.

Dick's four years of college were full of fun; in fact, everyone on campus knew him personally and liked him. A fraternity brother, in boasting of Dick's ability to have a good time without indulging in alcoholic beverages, said, "The more *we* drink, the sillier *he* gets!" As he spoke, a look of admiration and envy came into his eyes.

Dick and his abstaining buddies found it ridiculous to ignore and avoid all drinking, because there was hardly one temperate party all year. They went to all kinds of parties, met new people, and had good times, and they did not find it necessary to drink to reinforce themselves. Since Dick had

built his personality so perfectly without props, he was held in awe by many girls and boys who wanted to be like him. And he still had the best old time anyone could ask for.

Dick's mother, a notably temperate woman, was at first reluctant to have her son associate with drinkers. Then one day, after a certain boisterous party, a friend called her on the telephone.

"I want to thank you," the friend began.

"Thank me, Mrs. Williams? For what?"

"Well," Mrs. Williams continued, "last night I went to the Lawson party out at the country club. Fred and I didn't really want to go because we don't drink, you know, but Mr. Lawson is a good friend of ours, and—well, you know how that is."

Dick's mother listened politely. "Yes, I do," she agreed.

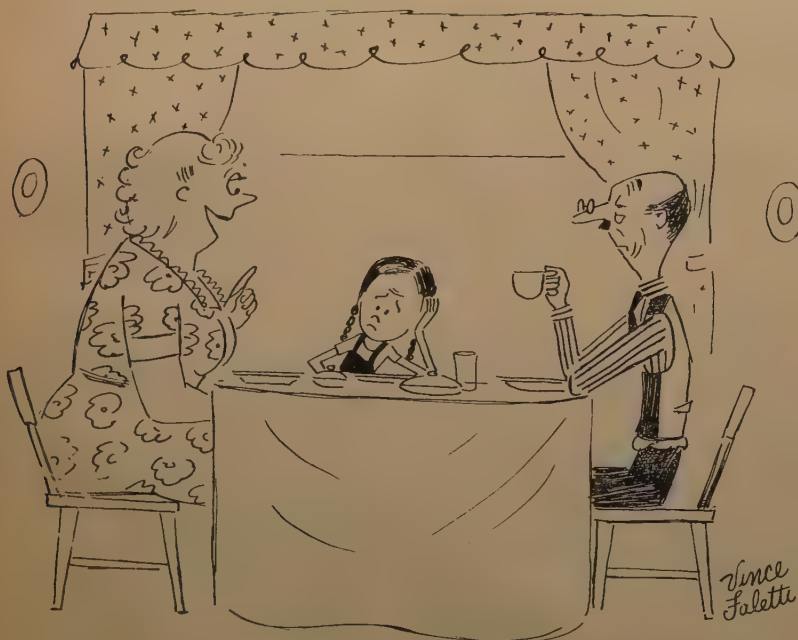
"Anyway, when the drinks were being passed around our little group, everyone was taking one, and I was so worried about refusing. The Lawsons are nice people and we were good friends, but—then, I saw your son Dick across the room, and he was shaking his head, refusing the cocktail."

She paused and laughed guiltily. "And do you know what I did? I got up from where I was sitting and walked over by Dick and stood next to him. He made me feel good and strong, and without hesitating, I refused that drink."

Mrs. Sutton smiled to herself. "Dick told me about it," she said.

"I want to thank you, Mrs. Sutton, for having a son like Dick," Mrs. Williams went on.

The rest of the conversation was brief. Mrs. Sutton explained that she was reconciled to Dick's attendance at the parties. In fact, she felt good because she had found out that her son was influential, in his own way, in discouraging young people to drink. Besides, she knew now that Dick was mature enough to stand on his own two feet and to exercise independent judgment. She was sure that he would never have to lean upon the ever-present and ever-ready prop of alcohol.



"Eat your spinach and you'll grow up strong and healthy like us . . . er, I mean like me."

with Young Children

A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds; (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size to be tied together.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

Theme for January: THINK—AND DO!

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

Finally, brethren, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things.

—PHILIPPIANS 4:8.

In our busy lives today, how much we need to pause occasionally and follow the advice of Paul to "think on these things." Can meditation on such a passage, or following Paul's advice, have any bearing on the worship or religious growth of a three-year-old?

When we realize that our thoughts are reflected in our attitudes and actions and that a three-year-old learns from both, we can begin to see some relationship between the passage and our responsibility for our three-year-old child. Meditation on the quoted passage of scripture may lead us, then, to think of some rather basic truths and values.

One of these is the existence and dependability of God's laws. Your three-year-old can begin to understand that God planned, for example, that birds know how to take care of themselves and their baby birds. He can begin to understand that part of God's plan is that people help to take care of birds, by feeding them when there is snow on the ground and it is difficult for them to find food.

Another is the appreciation of the beauties of God's world. A three-year-old is so full of curiosity about everything he sees and touches, there are many opportunities to help him begin to appre-

ciate things of beauty. You may express the feeling of both yourself and your child when you say, "I'm glad for pretty flowers," or a similar statement.

Still another truth is the importance of good and kind actions to the happiness of all. This is hard for older children and adults to remember and practice, so it is naturally difficult for a three-year-old. Yet, a step can be made and a part of the foundation laid at even this early age, for unselfish attitudes and action. This can best be done by setting the example in home relationships, showing kindness and thoughtfulness for one another, and including the child in plans to show love and consideration to others. For example, a suggestion might be made, such as "Grandmother needs to rest. We shall look at the picture books so that we shall not make any noise to disturb her." This will help a child become conscious and considerate of other people's feelings.

The importance of praise to the happiness of an individual is another truth to consider. Words of praise should be sincere and given only when deserved, but honest words of commendation mean much to the happiness of your child.

How we think is important. How we act is important. Our own spiritual development, as well as that of our children, depends greatly on our thoughts and actions. It is well that we take time often to read and reflect upon the words of Paul found in Philip-
pians 4:8.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut along the colored lines and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

LOVING OTHERS

"Love one another."—John 15:12.

I'll Think of Others First

Tonight when I pray
I'll think first of Mother;
Then I'll pray for Daddy,
My sister and brother,
Grandmother, Grandfather,
The poor and the lame.
My friends and playmates,
I'll mention by name.
My teacher, the postman,
The strangers I meet,
And all of the people
Who pass on our street,
I'll ask God to bless
Everyone, everywhere.
Then I shall whisper,
"Keep me in your care."

—OLLIE J. ROBERTSON

BEING KIND

Be kind to one another.—Ephesians 4:32.

Morning Prayer

Father, help me all this day
To be kind and thoughtful
In every way,
In all I think, and do, and say. Amen.

—CLARA LUNDIE CRAWFORD

Stories

"How David and Jonathan Shared," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 15; "When Jesus Was a Boy," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 66.

Song

"Long Years Ago," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 66.

DOING GOOD

"Jesus . . . went about doing good."
—Acts 10:38.

I Like to Think of Jesus

I like to think of Jesus
So loving, kind, and true
That when he walked among his friends
His friends were loving, too.

I like to think of Jesus
With children at his knee;
And hear his gentle words again,
"Let children come to me."

I like to think of Jesus
So loving, kind, and true
That somehow when I think of him
It makes me loving, too.*

—ELIZABETH McE. SHIELDS

*From *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*, copyright, 1935, by the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. Used by permission.

DOING RIGHT

"Do what is right and good."
—Deuteronomy 6:18.

Prayer of Love

I helped my mother dust today,
I played with baby Sue;
I helped Dad carry leaves away,
I swept the driveway, too;

Tonight when I was saying prayers,
Mom said—and Dad did, too—
That when I work with love like this,
I pray all day to You!

—ESTHER FRESHMAN

Prayer

Help me, dear God, to do what is right and good. Amen.

To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut along the colored lines and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

LOVING GOD

"You shall love the LORD your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might."—Deuteronomy 6:5.

My Father's Care

How strong and sweet my Father's care,
That round about me, like the air,
Is with me always, everywhere!
He cares for me.

O Father, help me, then, each day
To follow always Thy good way,
And show in all I do and say,
My love for Thee!

Verse 1—ANONYMOUS
Verse 2—BLANCHE HOKE

*Words from *Hymns for Junior Worship*, copyright, 1940, by the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. Used by permission.

LOVING OTHERS

"A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another."—John 13:34.

Morning Prayer

God, our Father,
So kind and good,
Help us remember
The things that we should.

Help us be grateful
For Thy loving care;
To think first of others
And of what we can share.

Help us be mindful
Of words that we say;
Help us be prayerful
All through the day.

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

DOING GOOD

"Jesus of Nazareth . . . went about doing good."—Acts 10:38.

When Jesus Was on Earth

When Jesus was on earth,
He loved each girl and boy,
Felt sorry for their hurts,
Was happy in their joy.

He suffered in their pain,
Was grieved when they did wrong;
He fed the hungry too,
And made the sick ones strong.*

—WILHELMINA D'A. STEPHENS

Prayer

Help me, dear God, to find kind things to do for others. Amen.

*Words from *Hymns for Primary Worship*, copyright, 1946, The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

TELLING GOOD NEWS

"Go therefore and make disciples of all nations."—Matthew 28:19.

We Will Send the Message Far

We have found a lovely thing
And will share it with the rest;
We will tell the love of God,
North and south and east and west.

Love of God forever near,
Love of God forever true;
We will send the message far
Till the whole world hears it too!*

—MARY AMBLER MARSHALL

*Words from *Hymns for Primary Worship*, copyright, 1946, The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

TODAY, the nine-year-old boy from across the street threw his baseball through the glass of my side door. A few minutes later he himself was standing beside the door, using a yardstick to measure the opening. When that was done, he came to the kitchen to ask if I had any choice as to dealers to put a new pane of glass in the door.

Hardly had he left the kitchen before I telephoned his mother. Quickly, I told her that I did not want her son to put in a new pane of glass. "After all, it was an accident," I explained. "Bill thought the boy he was playing with could catch the ball. And he's just a little boy!"

"Yes," the mother agreed, "Billy is just a little boy now, but some day he'll be a man. We do not want him to be the kind of man who lacks respect for the property of others and doesn't pay his debts. So now he must repair what he breaks."

After this explanation, Billy and I arranged for him to pay ten cents each week on the cost of the glass. In that way he will still have fifteen cents of his weekly allowance left. Nor will he have to deplete his Cub Scout savings, built up from the money he earns by running errands and mowing lawns. As Denner of the pack to which he belongs, Billy feels his saving account must be the largest in the troop.

Billy's mother put her approval on our plans. Though she did not praise Billy for his willingness to bear the full cost of breaking the window, since

—Merrim from Monkmeyer.

We cannot plan our children's future but we can provide childhood experiences that will prevent un-grown-up reactions in the years ahead.

Training for

there were four boys in the game of catch, she had Billy's favorite kind of homemade ice cream for supper.

I know that as she made the ice cream she was thinking of the honest man her son would be, not because it would just happen that way, but because she had trained him in honesty. In all her training, she has kept before her an ideal—the kind of man she wants her boy to be.

* * *

Michael's parents bought a trim little bungalow which, according to their friends, was on the "wrong" side of Seventh Street. Had the house been on the right side, six-year-old Michael would have attended the Benton school, which the teachers consider the town's most desirable school. The children who attend Benton come from the "best" homes. But the boys and girls in Michael's school come from along the river, as well as from the homes on the west side of Seventh Street. Teachers consider this school a difficult, almost undesirable one in which to teach.

The woman who lived next door to Michael's new home had her son and daughter transferred to the Benton school. Just before school opened that autumn, she said to Michael's parents, "Of course you're going to have him transferred to the Benton school."

Michael's father shook his head. "Michael must go to school in his district," he said. "He'll meet all types of people in life, and that school with its variety of pupils will help teach him how to meet them. It's better that he learn now to get along with people as he grows up than to wait until he's a man."

So Michael went to the school in which he belonged. Soon he was "Mike" instead of Michael. In the fourth grade he was elected a member of the school safety patrol. When he reached the sixth, he was its captain. He was also Denner of the school Cub Pack, and captain and pitcher on the school baseball team. And because Michael was the school's



By Nancy Brewer

rown-up Days

best baseball pitcher and attended church school regularly, the boys whose parents never went to church acquired a greater respect for church and church school. Michael's school-mates often came to play in his back yard. There they met Michael's church friends.

Michael is now in high school, the leader of his class, captain of the school basketball team, an officer of the student council.

Michael's parents have no fear for his future. They know he will be a "square shooter," that he will get along with the people he meets and those with whom he works. His Christian training at home has prepared him for manhood. In his family circle, he studied not only Christ but also some of his strongest followers. He admires the Sons of Thunder; Paul, the first missionary; David, the king; and Luke, the physician. He thinks Joseph had a terrible handicap in that he was the favorite of his father. Michael, in fact, does not think much of boys who work for "pull" with teachers, the coach, or anyone else. His parents, even when he was small, dreamed of a day when Michael, a man, would stand on his own two sturdy feet, working for advancement himself, not asking special favors from friends.

* * *

Years ago, when a son was the only child in our home, my husband and I sought to protect him from all danger, from all hard knocks. Our first child, a girl, had died in infancy, and we told each other we must not let anything happen to Bobby. When he was old enough to walk across the street, each of us would clutch one of his little hands. But Bobby objected. At first he pulled and cried. Then, after a little, he grew philosophical. One day, just before we reached the corner, he clasped his hands together and smiled coaxingly up at us. "I hold my own hands and be careful when we cross that street," he said.

On that day, we realized that we were making many mistakes with Bobby. We were weakening him instead of letting him follow his own desire to grow strong. Even as a little boy he was training for manhood and we, his parents, must help him become



—Gedge Harmon.

"fit." "Some day," we told each other, "Bobby will be a man, and we certainly do not want him always to reach out for our hands whenever danger or problems arise."

* * *

Mary Jean, like most children when given a weekly allowance but no directions for budgeting it, spent the full amount on the first two days of the week. For five days she went without candy, used a stubby lead pencil at school, and could not buy an ice cream cone when her two chums bought theirs.

When the next week's allowance of four nickels and five pennies was given her on Monday morning, she divided the coins—one nickel for a lead pencil, pennies for candy, and another nickel for church school the following Sunday. As she looked at the church school nickel she told us she had been ashamed on the previous Sunday when she had only the penny her brother had loaned her for her offering.

When it came time to give Mary Jean an allowance large enough to buy her own books and other school equipment, we knew it would be budgeted and would be carefully spent. When she started to college, we had no fear that she would spend carelessly, for she had learned when she was only seven years old that a budget is necessary for people who want their money to meet all needs. And we hope that her experience with the stubby lead pencil and the borrowed-penny offering helped to train her for the days when she would be a woman with, perhaps, a limited amount of money for a home and family.

* * *

Not long ago, I helped compile sketches of leaders in our town, among them the presidents of our Public Health Nursing Association, the Boy Scout Council, the Council of Church Laymen, and leaders of other welfare, charitable, civic and church organi-

(Continued on page 31.)

IT WAS THE prettiest box that Peggy had ever seen. It was round and small, and it stood on a tray on top of Granny's dresser.

"Oh, Granny!" cried Peggy. "May I touch the pretty box? May I, please?"

Granny's bright blue eyes twinkled. "You may indeed touch it, Peggy. You may even pick it up if you wish."

With both hands and very carefully so as not to drop it, Peggy picked up the box. It was silver and shiny bright. Right on top was a round piece of glass, painted all over with pink and blue flowers.

"Oh, Oh!" said Peggy softly.

"Open the box," said Granny.

Peggy lifted the lid, and she almost dropped the box. The loveliest tinkly tune began to play. "It is a music box," cried Peggy.

"It is a magic music box," said Granny.

"Magic!" cried Peggy, her eyes dancing with excitement. "Oh, Granny, do tell me all about the magic!"

Granny sat down in her favorite brown rocker. Peggy set a stool close beside her. Then she laid the silver box in Granny's blue-aproned lap.

"A long time ago," said Granny, "my mother gave me the little box."

"It is a very old box," said Peggy.

Granny nodded. "Oh, yes. It is old but full of magic. This is what my mother told me. 'Open

the little box,' she told me, 'and listen to the music play. While the music is still playing, you may make a wish.'"

Peggy clapped her hands. "A wish! But I wish for so many things. I want a fat lemon lollipop and a red leather purse and a doll with yellow curls and a..."

Granny laughed gently. "But there is something else very special about this box. It can give just one wish. Then the magic will be all gone."

Peggy looked disappointed. "Then you have already made a wish. The magic is all gone."

Granny shook her head. "Oh, my, no! Many times I wanted to wish. But always I was afraid I might have a more important wish later. Then I would save my wish."

"But what could be more important than lemon lollipops right now?" asked Peggy. "I am going to wish for a whole box filled with them."

"But wait," said Granny. "Maybe there is some other way to get a lollipop. Is there? Think very hard."

Peggy wrinkled her forehead and thought and thought. "Yesterday, I ran an errand for Mrs.

Allen. She gave me a lollipop."

"You see?" said Granny, rocking her chair and nodding wisely. "Your wish must be only for something that you could not do for yourself."

Peggy smiled and set the little box back on the dresser. "I am going to ask Mrs. Allen if she wants any errands done today," she said. "Tomorrow I will make a wish."

The next day Peggy stood and looked at the box again.

"Do you have a wish today?" asked Granny.

"Oh, yes," said Peggy. "I wish that my dolly had a new dress. A pink one with lace on the collar."

She lifted the lid on the silver box. The tinkly tune began playing. *Tinkle-Tinkle*, it went. It was such a pretty song. Then it was all over, and Peggy closed the lid.

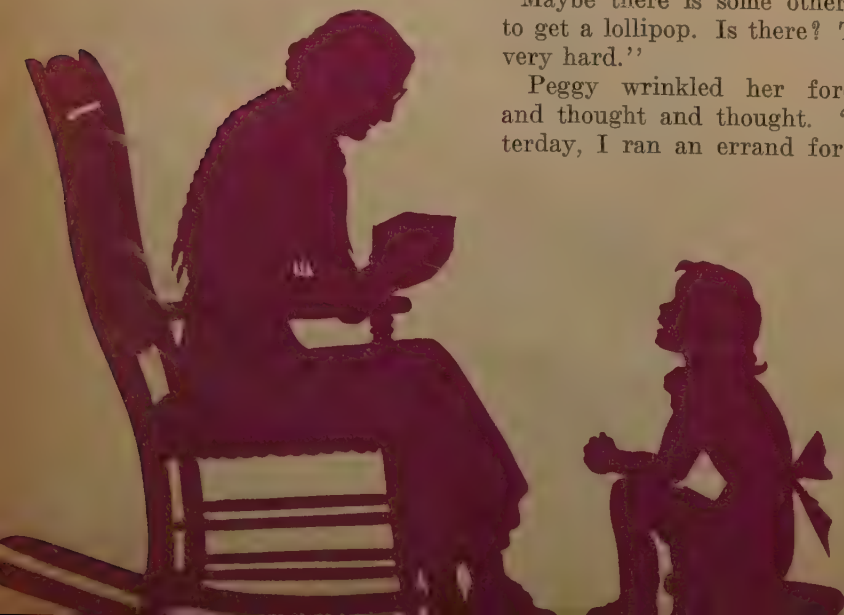
"Did you wish?" asked Granny.

Peggy shook her head. "No. I listened to the song and forgot to wish. Besides, I know how to get my dolly a new dress. I can make her a dress myself. I certainly don't want to waste the magic on that wish."

Almost every day Peggy lifted the lid on the silver box and listened to the music. But she did not wish. Once she almost wished for an ice cream cone. But then she remembered that when she pulled weeds for Granny she could earn enough to buy one. So once again she could help herself and save her wish.

A whole week passed, and Granny asked as she tucked Peggy

(Continued on page 30.)



To many persons, entering a home for the aged is synonymous with withdrawal from life and the surrender of one's individuality and way of life. Here an oldster finds, instead, that it can be a place where individual interests are served—a place . . .



*The California Christian Home
San Gabriel, California*

Where Life Begins at Seventy

by Alice Earnheart

FOR YEARS, Mrs. Cole had lived all alone in her Los Angeles apartment, but now the neighbors were beginning to worry. Every day they watched the sweet old lady cross a busy street to do her marketing, and they were beginning to note with alarm that she could hardly reach the other side before the light changed.

Mrs. Cole had a small income and was in reasonably good health. But she was nearly eighty years old. What would become of her when she could no longer care for herself? What if she should become ill? Yes, the neighbors were worried, and in their own minds they vainly sought a solution.

But while her friends fretted, Mrs. Cole simply called her minister to discuss the possibility of entering the California Christian Home at San Gabriel. She was quite familiar with this home for the aged, supported by the National Benevolent Association of the Christian Church, and she thought it an appropriate place to spend her few remaining years.

Her eligibility was quickly established. She was a member of a Christian church and a resident of California, which along with Arizona and Nevada is served by the home. She was past the minimum age of seventy and in a state of health acceptable for admission.

Her only disappointment was the discovery that she would have to be placed on a waiting list and that it might be as long as two years before she could be accepted. In the meantime, however, Mrs. Cole made her plans, and paid a visit or two to her future home, where she called on two old friends, members of her Los Angeles church.

Fortunately, Mrs. Cole had the hundred dollars admission fee. In fact, she had a little money to spare, and this, in accordance with the admission policy, was placed in a trust fund. For the rest of her life she would draw interest on it for her personal needs. Upon her death, the principal would become the property of the home. In return, she would get lifetime care.

If she had not had the hundred dollars, her many church friends would have provided it, and the home would have accepted her without question. So many come to the home empty handed that the income from guests constitutes only about twenty-five per cent of the annual budget. All the rest is provided by gifts from individual donors and from about two hundred congregations in the area served.

(Continued on page 22.)



Music plays an important part in life at the home.



A dietician prepares trays for those who cannot leave their rooms.



In this sunny dining hall food is attractively served at tables for eight. Twice a week there are sack-suppers; then the "young" old people entertain one another in their rooms.

WHAT AN EXCITING and happy day for Mrs. Cole when she was finally admitted to the home! The attractive Spanish style building might have been an exclusive California hotel. A few late blooms remained on the rose trees at the entrance, and banana plants and palm trees gave an exotic touch.

Mrs. Greta Brown, the superintendent, greeted Mrs. Cole warmly and the business manager, Mr. Walter Myers, helped her to make all the admission arrangements.

Her two friends from home gave her a warm welcome and introduced her eagerly to their companions, the seventy-three women and four men who were permanent "guests." Mrs. Cole was surprised at the enormous ratio of women to men, but the men seemed to have become accustomed to the situation.

Preparations for Christmas were under way, and Mrs. Cole entered into the festivities eagerly. What fun to pile the green boughs about the large living room and to help decorate the big Christmas tree! The holiday spirit made her feel young again. "Could it be possible," she thought, "that I am eighty-one years old!"

There were all sorts of Christmas plans. A dramatics group was preparing a play. All the parts had been assigned, but when Mrs. Cole expressed an interest, the eighty-five-year-old director said that since she had good eye-

sight, she might hold the script and act as prompter. "We have lots of plays," the director added, "and give them at near-by churches. You may be in the next one if you like."

THE WONDERFUL thing about the home was the way in which everyone seemed to have something to do. Mrs. Cole found new admirers for her crocheting, and soon promised to make a set of doilies

piano to sing their favorite hymns.

A gardener was employed to care for the five acres surrounding the home, but several guests who liked "yard work" had obtained permission to have their own flower beds and window boxes. One woman had a whole garden of potted plants in the "bird and flower room," where another kept a cheery yellow canary.

Mrs. Cole enjoyed decorating her private room. She had brought some of her treasures with her, and they made her feel very much at home. She liked to have other women in to visit, for their Christian background made them a congenial group. What fun to have a lively group together, talking about old times, knitting, or making plans. Frequently, they found themselves laughing like school-girls. Yes, the years were rolling off "young" Mrs. Cole.

Mealtime was a happy time in the big, sunny dining room. The food was good and attractively served at tables for eight. But "sack-supper" nights were popular too. Twice a week, Mrs. Cole discovered, everyone received a



Here the old people and some of the staff are assembled in the comfortable living room, anticipating the evening's entertainment.

for a talented woman who offered an oil painting in return.

Music played an important part in the lives of the guests. A trio composed of violin, cello, and piano performed frequently, and every morning before breakfast Mrs. Cole joined a group which gathered informally around the

sack lunch and the guests set up tables and entertained one another in their rooms in true college spread fashion. Plenty of good food was provided, but because surprises are such fun, the hostess would often buy something extra from the neighborhood grocery.

(Continued on page 29.)

Here's an all-year-round family project. Father and son are the engineers, but mother and daughter can make the passengers and crew, and tiny plants and trees along the route.



—Sozio from Gendreau.

SO MUCH OF everyday family living is plug-away routine! Day after day, week after week, the housework must be done, chores completed, schoolwork studied, office or shop work finished, over and over and over again. As Christian families, we realize that in this very necessary routine are opportunities to work together and to practice practical Christian democracy. So we encourage the members of our families to "work together as a team" (see last month's study article, "Working As a Team"). In working together democratically in the home, we gain practice and skill for working democratically with others outside of the home.



Work Projects Can Be FUN

STUDY ARTICLE AND STUDY GUIDE

By Idris W. and Elizabeth N. Jones

But there comes a time in the living of every family when day-by-day working together is not enough. We feel the need of tackling larger work projects together. We need the stimulus of planning and executing more difficult problems. Or perhaps a

complicated task presents itself, one which can be done only by the combined efforts of the whole family. Have you discovered the fun that can be had in these work projects? Does your family know the thrill of planning together for a difficult project, the excitement of working together at it, the satisfaction of completing the task together?

Let's think about the work projects of some Christian families in your town and ours.

With wood, paint, and simple tools a minister made these blocks to teach his son about the Bible. It's an idea for a family's church school project.

—R.N.S. Photo.

THE JOHNSONS found themselves involved in two different work projects as a result of their summer vacation. They vacationed high on a hill overlooking a lovely

WORK PROJECTS CAN BE FUN . . .

Does your family know the thrill of planning a work project together? The excitement of working at one together? The satisfaction of completing one together?

lake, in a tiny rough shack that belonged to Aunt Kathy. Because the shack had not been used for years except as an occasional picnic spot, or as a comfortable vantage point from which to view a sunset, the grass had long ago grown into an uncared-for, tangled mass. As the Johnsons walked back and forth from their car to the cabin, and back again for a swim in the lake, they gradually wore down a path. "It would be nice," one of them said, "to cut down the grass and weeds on each side of the path, so that when Aunt Kathy comes for a few hours' rest, she won't catch her clothes or scratch herself on the brambles and weeds." So the whole family cut and pulled and raked until a broad path was cleared.

After a swim, the Johnsons gathered on the porch to view their accomplishment. "Let's clear a spot in front of the cabin," suggested ten-year-old Marilyn. "Then we could put a blanket out there and have a picnic." So the next morning the sickle and rake and shears were again put to work. Gradually, a "work" hour developed each morning, and the tall grass and wild bushes were pushed back farther and farther from the cabin.

At the end of their vacation, as the Johnsons drove away from the shack, they glanced back up the hill. "It looks nice with the grass cut, doesn't it," commented Larry with satisfaction. "And won't Aunt Kathy be surprised when she sees it!"

"I know something else that would make her happy," said Mrs. Johnson. "I heard her say the other day that she would like

to find a sign to put up beside the road so that visitors would know when they'd reached the shack. Do you suppose we could find one for her in a store at home?"

"I think we could make a better one than we could buy," answered Mr. Johnson. "We might paint the words 'The Shack' on it."

"I could draw a pattern for a house that looks like the shack," suggested Margaret. "You and Larry could saw it out for the top part of the sign, and put the letters underneath." Thus the plans were made, and a second interesting work project resulted. The Johnsons know that work projects are fun!

THE PRATTS' work project is a big one, a kind of "Pratt Five-Year-Plan." Mr. Pratt is a teacher, with a teacher's low income. But the Pratts wanted to own their own home, so that the children could have a sense of security. Together they looked at houses, and finally chose one on a shady street, near schools and their church, in a neighborhood of congenial friends. But the house was too small. True, it had a big attic which could be converted into a bedroom for the girls. It had a large basement that could be turned into a playroom for winter. The house needed painting inside and out; the yard needed care. All these could be af-

forded only if the Pratts did the work themselves.

So the Pratts met in family council many times. They discussed the most urgent needs. They decided on the order in which the improvements should be made. Before each new project was started, ways of working were talked over. Books were read on the best methods to use. Advice was asked of friends. The whole family worked. Gradually the plan is progressing. The small, neglected house is becoming a charming home, being made that way by the Pratts themselves. All of their friends are deeply interested, and often make excuses to visit them, to see the latest bit of progress. The Pratt children are proud of their home and enthusiastic over each new development. The Pratts, like the Johnsons, have learned that work projects are fun!

THE ALLENS belong to a country church. Recently, the church needed an addition to its small building. In order to raise the money, which must be in addition to the regular budget, the pastor suggested the plan of the "Lord's Acre." Each family taking part would set aside an acre of their ground as the Lord's acre. This would be planted and harvested like all the rest of the farm. But the profit from this acre would be given to the church for the new addition. The Allens all helped in the work on their acre, each one vitally interested in making the crop on that acre the very best. The Allens, too, know that work projects are fun!

THE STACYS have a large family. Two children are away at college. The grandparents live in distant cities. Their circle of friends is



wide and spread to the far corners of the earth. In order to keep in touch with all, the family at home write, edit, and publish a family paper. Some of the family collect the news about family and friends, others take pictures, some cut the stencils and mimeograph the paper, others address the envelopes. It is truly a whole family work project, and they think it is fun!

Yes, the Johnsons, the Pratts, the Allens, the Stacys all know that work projects can be fun! They know because they have worked together and have had fun. They also know that work projects are fun if all have a share in the planning and the work according to their own ages and abilities. They are fun if the projects are important and not just "busy work." They are fun if the projects grow naturally out of the needs and the interests of the family. The parents know, too, that work projects are an aid to happy Christian living, for, rightly planned, they encourage an interest in the contributions of others and a concern for working wholeheartedly for the pleasure and benefit of others as well as for oneself.

What can your family do?

You might make your own Christmas or Easter cards next year. Or you could spatter-paint your Christmas gift wrappings. You might make your own Christmas crèche of plaster figures and water color paints.

You might adopt a Korean, Japanese, or German family and work together on providing them with CARE packages and spiritual encouragement.

You might work to paint the house or build a garage.

You might contact foreign students in your city and work together to entertain them in your home to strengthen the bonds of friendship and understanding.

You might, if you are ambitious, build a summer shack, or a boat, or a dock, or a float.

You might seek out good second-hand furniture and try your skill

at refinishing it or rebuilding it. Or you might build your own furniture.

You might develop your own family hobby. It does take work to hook a rug, or to gather and store a collection.

You might make a vegetable garden, working together to grow the vegetables, and then to can or freeze them.

Or you might develop a flower garden, and plan where to use the lovely flowers where they would give the most pleasure. You might supply a children's home with flowers each week, or a hospital ward, or your church or church school.

STUDY GUIDE

I. Before the Meeting—

In the Study Guide for "Working As a Team," presented in last month's HEARTHSTONE, the study session was to close with suggestions and plans for short-term family work projects. The families represented were to adapt these plans to suit conditions within their individual homes and they were to see that the plans were carried out before the present study session.

The leader of this study session should check with the individual families about two weeks ahead of time, to find out whether the families had selected their projects and whether they had made any progress in the work itself. About two days before the meeting, he should make a final checkup, both to insure attendance at the meeting and to guide the families in preparing their reports. If some projects permit, it would add to the interest of the meeting to have an exhibit of the results.

All those participating in this meeting should be familiar with the contents of the article on which this Study Guide is based.

II. The Meeting—

Begin the meeting with a brief worship service based on the theme "Working Together." The scripture passage 1 Corinthians 12:4-12 might be used as the basis for it.

After the worship service, the families that have worked on projects should be asked to give their reports. These should be limited to from three to five minutes, depending on the number to be given. If the group is large, it may be wise to ask each family just to name the project, indicating the amount of time spent on it, and the amount of interest it aroused.

You might ask your pastor for a project which your family can do to help your church. He may suggest things that are needed for your church nursery, or a special cleaning of a corner of the church, or mimeographing of the weekly bulletin or mailing the weekly church paper.

There are so many things you might do! Why don't you get your family together in your family council, and plan a work project for next Saturday? These things you should remember:

Keep your planning democratic.

Make your project worth while.

Work together in the spirit of Christian love.

When the various reports have been given, the group might find it profitable to discuss the factors that affect the success or failure of family work projects. For even though work projects vary from the relatively simple and quickly completed type, to the more complex or ambitious, that require a con-

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a story hour. Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in making articles. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books, such as *Here's How and When*, by Armilda Keiser.

Direct games. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books, such as *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Millen, and *Games for Boys and Girls*, by Harbin.

Lead a missionary project. For information, Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York; Disciples, to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

siderable amount of time, it is important to follow certain principles if the projects are to be enjoyed.

1. Ask the group to suggest factors that make for successful work projects. Among their answers may be the following:

a) The work project should be planned by the family as a whole.

b) It should serve a useful purpose, one which all members of the family recognize as useful.

c) It should capture the interest of the whole family.

d) It should in some way utilize the help of every member of the family.

e) Simultaneous participation in the work project by members of the family adds to its value for family fellowship and inspiration.

2. The group might next explore some of the danger spots. What are the factors that make for failure in family work projects? Among their replies may be:

a) It is unwise for the authority or enthusiasm of one person to determine a project when the rest of the family is lukewarm toward it.

b) It is unwise to select a project when there is a lack of adequate time to complete it.

c) It is unwise to choose a project so big that interest cannot be sustained until its completion.

d) It is unwise to choose a project that has no compelling purpose other than "to do something."

3. Experience should teach us many things. Out of the experiences of those families that have worked out family projects during this preceding month, should come ideas of value for the future. Ask the group, therefore, to indicate what they would do differently in starting another family work project.

What have they learned from previous experience?

a) Do they have interesting ideas for further family work projects?

b) What is the best way to include younger children in a family work project that must also retain the interest of adolescents?

c) In what way does the Christian implication of what you are doing as a family enter into the thinking of the individuals participating? Does the Christian spirit make any difference in the way in which a family work project is executed? If so, how?

4. Dramatizations of two work projects by two of the families present:

a) The first of these dramatizations could show some of the attitudes and practices that bungle a family work project or defeat its purpose.

b) The second should portray a successful family work project in its successive steps, making clear that "work" in a Christian family "is a basic and necessary part of family experience, a mold of Christian character, and a way to learn as well as to practice the disciplines that are fundamental to purposeful Christian living."

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

DIRECTIONS: Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

The filled pattern, when read from left to right, will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

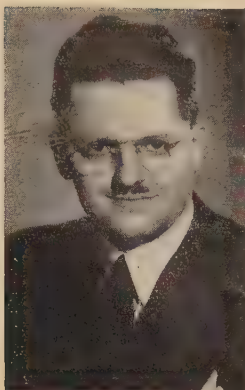
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96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	
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116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126
127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135		

A Something used for tying an elephant -----	122 109 23 115 12
B Trimming for a hat -----	93 89 1 44 15 94 8
C To toss a ball, like the man on the mound in baseball -----	10 134 111 39 117
D Spanks -----	51 22 35 125 107
E A hot, peppery sauce -----	123 133 16 129 28
F Bunch of paper to write on -----	126 46 128 64 11 30
G At the top point -----	131 62 58 21 49 36
H The first Jewish high priest -----	101 127 114 19 56
I Underwater ship -----	20 68 92 110 118
J Woman who has lost her husband -----	90 119 103 82 108
K Bird with a white vest -----	1 7 72 116 32 65 24
L "The --- That Jack Built" -----	45 105 69 26 13
M The top of a person -----	52 106 121 14
N Room in the church building where altar linens are kept -----	42 37 51 61 31 67
O Something seen as in a dream -----	74 71 17 81 57 83
P Just a tiny bit, as of cloth -----	113 91 60 124 104

Solution on page 30.

Q The kind of man Valentine's Day is named after -----	120 63 112 85 47
R A fatal or mournful accident or event -----	6 38 27 48 40 3 34
S Dreamy, or dull -----	100 132 53 88 77
T Most saintlike -----	98 9 33 99 5 55 70
U Gave something, as to a good cause -----	50 87 2 59 80 75 25
V A young girl -----	135 79 41 29 73 78
W To long for -----	86 130 95 76 102
X A servant's employer -----	18 84 97 66 43 96

Family Counselor



TACTFUL FOSTER PARENTS

In revealing this vital information, be sure to give him some solace with which to bolster his ego when his playmates later make their cruel jibes. Let him know that you chose him from many other babies because you loved him! That he was picked as the cream of the crop, so to speak.

Conversely, let him understand that other children are not chosen but are foisted upon their parents, regardless.

Thus, your foster child will feel a stronger bond of love for his new parents, and likewise avoid this later crisis through which Claude is now passing.

Also, remind him that you chose his foster mother as your wife, yet she, too, is of no blood kinship to you at all. For love, not blood kinship, is the important element in both choosing a mate and adopting a child.

But a child who feels his parents have tricked him is likely to be humiliated and ashamed. Since human beings will not long tolerate such feelings without wanting to strike back, the child frequently steals or engages in other anti-social activities in an attempt to get revenge on society in general.

Send for my bulletin "How to Inform a Foster Child," enclosing a 3¢ stamped envelope, plus a dime.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

All in the Family

James Montee, Waukegan, Illinois, was born on a November 15, as were his grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather.

In Portland, Maine, the father of quadruplets, Silas Pinkham, lay in the same hospital as his wife and babies, the victim of frazzled nerves. Hospital officials said mother and babies were doing nicely but Mr. Pinkham was suffering from nervous exhaustion.

Mrs. Edward Coskie, of West Brookfield, Massachusetts, gave birth to twin girls—but in different towns. The first baby was born in an ambulance as it was speeding out of West Brookfield; the second was born in the hospital at Ware.

—HAROLD HELFER.

The barbarism of the Indians who tortured captives and burned them at the stake is hardly worse than the psychological torment to which thousands of boys and girls are needlessly subjected by thoughtless parents. Here is a beautiful psychological case.

Claude F., aged 12, is a juvenile delinquent.

"Dr. Crane, it seems that the boy is going to be a chronic offender," she social case worker commented. "For the last two years he has been getting into mischief. A dozen times he was sent to the principal's office. Then he began playing truant from school, and finally began running around with some older boys who have now been found guilty of petty thievery.

"However, Claude had been bright in his studies and a very dutiful child until the age of eleven years. He is an adopted youngster, and his foster parents are worried lest he inherited his criminality, for they don't know anything about his real parentage."

HOW TO TELL

Criminality is never inherited; so the old saying that some people are "born criminals" is not true. We are made criminals by our environment AFTER birth, just as we become Democrats or Republicans by exposure to our early surroundings. Honesty, as well as dishonesty, is purely a matter of habit. So why should a studious, dutiful boy suddenly turn antisocial?

Time and again, I have encountered this same story about a foster child, so I now classify it as a syndrome of an adopted youngster whose foster parents have failed to tell him the truth or else have not done it properly.

Such a child is terribly hurt when his companions at school, or his foster cousins, begin deriding him with being an adopted youngster. Children are often rather tactless, but also very good detectives, so they learn the facts by overhearing conversations which are not intended for their juvenile ears.

CRUEL CHILDISH TAUNTS

Not only is the foster child taunted when his pals are angry at him and wish to say the meanest possible things to hurt him, but likewise the children of divorced parents or of criminals are also often made to suffer through no fault of their own.

A foster child will possibly first fight his oppressors and tell them they are wrong. Then he may cautiously query his parents on this point. They may evade his questions, much as many parents sidetrack queries about sex.

Then his suspicions become confirmed, and he is in an agony of spirit. This situation is very unnecessary, however, if the foster parents will simply tell him the truth at the outset.

Don't wait for other members of the family to shock a child's faith in you at the age of twelve or fifteen, but tell him he is an adopted child, even before he enters kindergarten.



by Elizabeth W. Sudlow

THE LARGE STACK of Christmas cards has just been disposed of. Not only have they been taken care of but here, just at the beginning of the year, I am partly ready for next Christmas! Every person confesses to a feeling of bafflement when she looks at the pile of beautiful cards that arrived during the holiday season, and wonders just what can be done with them. Surely there must be some good use to which they can be put. Of course they can be made into scrapbooks, or given to the children to cut out on a rainy day, or sent to a home or institution, but we ask ourselves, "Isn't there some other way in which they can be used?" I think I have one answer: convert them into name tags and informal greetings.

Here is what you can do: For a nice, finished job a pair of pinking shears is almost a necessity. Trim the picture part of the card so as to take in all or just part of the picture, use a plain white paper backing, then cut carefully all around. Usually the plain back sheet of the folder will furnish the backing. Sometimes a card will yield a decorated piece large enough to fold over and not necessitate a backing. Or it may be that a backing just a trifle larger than the face will make a better-looking card. Through a hole in the top run a strand of ribbon or cord. Here again is opportunity to salvage scraps from the Christmas wrapping discards.

The tag cards may be of any size that will best take in the picture; any size or shape is usable.

Some of the cards had such interesting illustrations that appealed to me as

being "just the thing" for certain people. These were made into note stationery, with two sheets of plain paper as a backing. During the year they will be used for the informal note one wants to send at times. Of course one can purchase such small note paper, ready boxed, but I am finding these little handmade ones quite useful.

All the Santa cards were saved for tree ornaments. By cutting out the face it can be pasted to the bowl of a paper picnic spoon. Hung by a string to the branches of a tree, these make delightful ornaments. The large Santa figures will be used on paper cups which form the basis of a Christmas figurine. Cover the cup with red paper, marked to represent little bricks and have Santa pasted to the side. It makes a good decoration.

Small Santa heads or full figure, reindeer, flowers and Christmas emblems will be used as decorations to the holiday table all through the season. With Scotch tape or a touch of paste, ordinary table mats may be transformed into something gay and seasonal. Even a drinking glass or cup may carry a pretty decoration. All sorts of effective displays may be built up with these cutouts.

So here in January, right after Christmas, I have started getting ready for next Christmas. The stack of greeting cards has been disposed of, there is a goodly supply of tags ready for packages, informal note paper can be used all through the year or just so long as the supply lasts, and during the hot summer days I can sit in the shade and trim many of the little cutouts to be used later.

One day, when George Frideric was seven or eight years old, Herr Handel left Halle on one of his periodic visits to the elector's court at Wiessenfels. George Frideric teased his father to take him along. He had probably teased many times in vain, but this time his father took him. Perhaps he wanted to show him off to the elector, with whom he was on fairly familiar terms.

The boy stayed with a cousin or with his half-brother Karl in Wiessenfels, who must have taken him to see the chapel. Attracted by the music, he went every day to the rehearsals. He made friends fast, and once the organist let him play the tunes that he knew on the organ.

He did so well that the organist asked him to play a little voluntary at the end of the service the next Sunday. The duke, who was there and heard it, was much impressed. To Herr Handel he spoke pointedly. The child had unusual talent. He must be trained.

The die was really cast now, and Father Handel had little choice but to follow the duke's command—for it was virtually that. He arranged for the boy to study under Zachow, a composer and the organist at the Liebenfrauenkirche. For three years the lessons in counterpoint and harmony continued, until Zachow felt he had taught him all he could.

Meanwhile, the kindly training of his mother and aunt was deepening his character in ways of Christian virtue. He needed character if he was to resist the vices and rise above the shallowness which he would find in Hamburg and other music centers where he was to go.

About this time, he received one setback at his father's hands which may have been a blessing. Somehow, when he was only eleven, he got to the court of Electress Sophia Charlotte in Berlin, with its "mad riot of music." It was quite a center for all the musical genius of Europe at that time. The prince, impressed with the boy's gifts, wanted to take him into his service and train him.

It looked like the opportunity of a lifetime. But Father Handel, now too near death to be submissive any longer to earthly princes, refused. George Frideric came home, to his studies and his music and to the benignant influence of the minister's two daughters. After his father's death, he continued his studies and played an organ in Halle. He attended the university in Halle, too, thus adhering dutifully to his father's desire.

At the age of eighteen, after about a year at the university, he left for Hamburg, whither his musical ambitions drew him. Hamburg was followed by two or three years in Italy and then his appointment as *kapellmeister* at the court of the Elector of Hanover, from which he went to England for the first time at the age of twenty-three. Already he was known in musical circles

"Unto Us a Child Is Born"

(From page 3.)

religious culture direct from a minister's home.

Not many churches in the seventeenth century had organs, but the Liebfrauenkirche did. Its rich tones fascinated Handel even when he was a small boy, and Aunt Anna encouraged his interest.

It is quite possible that he caught it from her. He was even permitted to touch the organ and to make up simple tunes on it.

It was Herr Handel, ironically enough, who gave to his son's musical bent a decisive impetus which was entirely unintentional. He was opposed to musical training or musical careers, and later wanted him to study to become a lawyer.

for the operas he had composed in Italy.

Of his mother's and his aunt's part in making the youth what he became during the teen-age years before he left home, his most careful biographer, Newman Flower, says:

Frau Dorothea devoted her life and energies to the training of her children, whom she educated to a belief in God and the best instincts of the home. Probably [due] to this strong Lutheran faith of hers, which she so carefully passed on to her son, the great influence of religion began to stir in the boy, which later found its true expression in his church music and *Messiah*. His first visits to the Liebfrauenkirche with Aunt Anna, later his work there with Zachow, had made his mind ready to receive the seeds of religious thought which came from his mother.*

If genius is a compelling desire to work along a given line, Handel is a good illustration. His life also shows how genius is likely to be a composite or synthesis of qualities which most persons possess only singly or in groups of two or three, such as imagination and intelligence without ambition, or ambition and imagination without intelligence.

There can be little doubt that the religious element in Handel's life was vital to the qualities that made up his genius. It was something more inspiring than his father's rockbound will to piety and steadfastness, yet founded on it as the graces of the New Testament are founded upon the stern commandments of the Old.

*George Frideric Handel: *His Personality and His Times*, by Newman Flower. Scribner's, 1948. Company Ltd., 1923. Used by permission.

Building a Family Library

(From page 12.)

criteria can be utilized when judging a book for the home:

1. Author—

Education: Trained in the field?
Experience: Is work based on personal observation and research?
What was his special preparation for writing the book? What previous titles has he written? Does your present collection contain any of these?

2. Subject Matter—

Treatment: Complete or partial? Full or brief? Practical or theoretical? Accurate or inexact? Unbiased or partisan? Technical or popular? Conservative or radical?

3. Physical Features—

Is there an adequate index? Are there illustrations? Maps? Charts? Has the book clear type? Good paper? Is it well bound?

4. Bibliographic Data—

Publisher: Well-known and reliable?

Date: Are the contents out-dated?

Price: In comparison with similar titles, is the title worth the cost?

These criteria are by no means exhaustive or entirely original. They are based on the author's readings in the field of book selection, on interviews with librarians, and on his own experience as a librarian.

As the writer has had little experience in the field of fiction, the following tests for a book of fiction are given by Helen E. Haines, in *Living with Books*:

Is it true to life? Sensational? Exaggerated? Distorted?

Has it vitality and consistency in character depiction? Valid psychology? Insight into human nature?

Is the plot original? Hackneyed? Probable? Simple? Involved? Is dramatic interest sustained?

Does it stimulate? Provoke thought? Satisfy? Inspire? Amuse?

Furthermore, there are numerous book lists which have been devised by various authorities at the different age levels. Most of these aids can be consulted at any public library. Here are a few:

The Booklist. Published semi-monthly by the American Library Association, it contains sections on books for children and young people, as well as the usual

adult classifications, with brief descriptions.

Wilson Library Bulletin. Published monthly, except July and August, it lists current reference books and has a supplement of the reader's choice of best books.

Library Journal. Published semi-monthly, September to June 1, it gives brief reviews of new books.

Publishers' Weekly: The American Book Trade Journal. This periodical contains annotated list of new publications, classified according to subject.

See also, *The World's Best Books: Homer to Hemingway*, by Asa Don Dickinson (H. W. Wilson Company, 1953. 484 pp; \$6.00).

Finally, the local librarian can be of inestimable assistance in suggesting titles because of her training and interest in the life of the community.

Where Life Begins at Seventy

(From page 22.)

Sundays were far different from the lonely days Mrs. Cole had spent in her apartment. In the morning, the First Christian Church of Alhambra sent taxis for all those wishing to attend church, and in the afternoon, visiting ministers came to conduct services at the home. The guests had a part too. Sometimes a



Prayer of a Homemaker

Lighting the Evening Lamps

Dear Heavenly Father:

As the hour approaches for the lighting of the lamps in our living rooms, give us a real sense of Thy comforting companionship through all forms of darkness.

Let the lighted lamps in the windows encourage husbands returning from work and welcome children in from their play. Even so may they find the light of Thy love shining in our homes. For by its guiding rays we can discern the stains of our own selfishness, which can ruin a family's happiness.

In the lengthening shadows from Thy guiding light, may families find the way to expand the circle of home interests to include others who need guidance and companionship.

When problems press upon us, may we look at them clearly through the searching light of love. So let the lamps in our homes shine brightly, a gentle reminder of the happy glow in loving fellowship with Thee.

Amen.

Ruth C. Ikerman

trio would play, and of course, everyone loved to sing the old-time hymns.

There were always Sunday visitors, and sometimes old friends from Los Angeles would come to see Mrs. Cole. It wasn't far, just a pleasant drive. When they came, Mrs. Cole told them how happy she was, and sometimes they left determined to urge a better contribution to the home from their local church or to give more generously themselves, or, in some cases, to remember the home through a will or annuity bond.

When Mrs. Cole developed a skin irritation she was taken to a specialist, with the assurance that the bill would be taken care of, if it was more than she could manage alone. What a feeling of security she now has, knowing that, in case of illness, she will receive the best of care in the hospital wing, where a local doctor makes regular calls and four full-time nurses take care of the sick.

Mrs. Cole has been at the home for some time now, and she feels very fortunate. But she is often sad to think of the thirty-five men and women whose names are on the waiting list today.

Every night, Mrs. Cole sits in her rocking chair, perches her old-fashioned reading glasses on her nose, and studies her well-worn Bible. Then she talks to God, and a part of her prayer is always something like this:

"Father, I thank you for the California Christian Home and for the good people who make it possible for us to be here. Thank you, too, for similar homes all over our country. But, Lord, put it in the hearts of our friends to

build more homes for the aged. You know how many there are who spend lonely days and years in rented apartments or in dismal rooms, existing from day to day on meager funds. Oh, God, help them to find the kind of home that I have found here."

Should Public Schools Be Irreligious?

(From page 10.)

ing and appreciation of its students. Released-time programs of religious education and Bible reading have legal standing and make their contribution to the religious growth of youth. Other activities, already referred to, may also be legitimately considered as they find acceptance in given communities.

This leads to two final observations. First, it should not be expected that a single pattern applicable to the entire nation will or can be developed. What can be done in any given school will depend in part upon the nature of the community. An acceptable plan for a small rural community of the South may be quite different from one for a large cosmopolitan setting in the North. This suggests that communities themselves have responsibility for working with the public schools in developing mutually acceptable programs.

Finally, the public schools should recognize their own limitations. Theirs is not the total task of providing the religious education of youth. The home and the church have basic functions to fulfill. The public schools can provide

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

"And Peter opened his mouth and said: 'Truly I perceive that God shows no partiality, but in every nation any one who fears him and does what is right is acceptable to him.'"—Acts 10: 34-35.

The Words

A Chain	M Head
B Feather	N Vestry
C Pitch	O Vision
D Whips	P Shred
E Chili	Q Saint
F Tablet	R Tragedy
G Tiptop	S Moony
H Aaron	T Holiest
I U—boat	U Donated
J Widow	V Maiden
K Penguin	W Yearn
L House	X Master

background information, provide a healthy climate in which religious ideals may be nurtured, and even cooperate with home and church in their work. But it is the home and the church which must bring the child into the full knowledge of God revealed in Jesus Christ, and this function must be respected by the schools.

The Silver Box

(From page 20.)

in bed one night, "Why haven't you asked the magic box for a wish?"

Peggy smiled. "I guess I found that I could make a lot of my wishes come true myself if I really tried," she said.

"But yesterday I heard you wish for a golden castle and a red merry-go-round. Could you get those things for yourself?"

Peggy laughed. "Oh no, dear Granny. But before the little tune stopped playing, I knew that I didn't really want the golden castle or the red merry-go-round. I was just dreaming about them."

Granny stooped and kissed Peggy good night. "You are a very wise little girl," she said. "I hope that you will always keep the magic in the box just as I have."

Peggy closed her eyes and fell asleep. She dreamed about a lovely silver box filled with magic, but she did not need the magic. There was so much to be had without any magic.

Give HEARTHSTONE for a Gift!

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Mommy Again at Forty-five
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Special introductory rate with this coupon: \$2.50 per year

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Keeping the Party Going

by
Mildred L. King

Watch Jack Frost at the party. He keeps cropping up unexpectedly and freezes all the fun. He slinks around slyly while the guests are arriving, in the dead break between games, at the time while everyone is waiting for lunch to be served, or close to going-home time, when everyone seems to have run out of ideas. He puts a thin coat of ice, not on the water jug, but on your guests' enthusiasm.

Before Jack Frost appears is just the time to warm the party up with a few lively fill-ins. Perhaps the following ideas will help you do it:

Opening Ice-Breaker. As each guest arrives, make him feel at home by saying to the rest, "John is here. Introduce yourselves." As you raise your hand, each one present shouts out his full name and address as loud as he can. This starts your party off with a few good laughs and annoys Jack Frost very much.

Guessing Contest. Have each person guess his waist measure by making a piece of string into a loop of the supposed size. The best guesser wins a prize.

Mind Reading. Each guest at the party writes a message on a piece of paper, places it in an envelope, and writes his name on the outside. The mind reader places each message against his forehead and is able to repeat what is written inside. He then opens the envelope and reads it out loud to prove that he is correct. The one who wrote the message, of course, will be able to assure the others that the mind reader is quite right.

To do the trick, you must know beforehand what one of the guests is going to write. This message is put on the bottom of the pile. Then, when you are supposed to be reading out the first message you actually have before you the second, which tells you what to say when you come to read the next.

Lung Test. See who can hold a bean the longest at the end of a straw by drawing in the breath.

Baby Contest. Give a boy and a girl a baby's bottle filled with milk and topped with a rubber nipple. See who can win the milk-drinking race. This is a scream.

THIS IS THE WAY WE DID IT . . .



by Rosalie W. Doss

CHILDREN as well as adults often need a quiet place where they can sit and face their problems or just compose themselves. Children don't enjoy being quarrelsome and unruly any more than you or I do. It is their way of expressing uncertainty, resentment, or unhappiness. And all too often they are just plain tired and need to be removed from the fast activity of their little group for a short rest.

My grandmother's answer to this problem was the "quiet corner." Grandmother's quiet corner was hidden behind the honeysuckle vine on her big sun porch. When visiting grandchildren quarreled or became rowdy and boisterous, they were invited to "come sit in the quiet corner for a while."

Grandmother's quiet corner wasn't a banishment or a form of punishment. It was just a nice quiet place for the obstinate one to sit down and compose himself. There were even things to take his mind off his troubles and to prepare him for more pleasant thoughts. It contained a small table and a chair, story books, a box of colored pencils, and a thick pad of paper. There was also a pile of old magazines and a pair of blunt-pointed scissors.

After a half hour of snipping at magazines or drawing pictures, the rude, unhappy child was ready to be a pleasant and congenial companion again.

I knew the quiet corner well! It helped curb my nasty little temper tantrums, and Grandmother's carefully selected books gave me an early interest in good reading. But the quiet corner did even more than that. As I grew older, this little refuge gave me a chance to think over my small sins and made me more thoughtful before I spoke harsh thoughts to my playmates or to

members of the family. Even today, as an adult, when I want to make a hasty remark, I remember and get into my quiet corner. Sometimes my quiet corner is no more than a walk across the room or picking up a book, but in that moment I compose myself and leave unsaid what might have lost me a friendship.

I've borrowed Grandmother's quiet corner for my own child. It is a nook in one corner of my large kitchen. There, on a small table, I keep books, modeling clay, crayons, coloring books, and puzzles. When my own child or an unruly little guest gets out of hand, he is invited to visit the quiet corner. Children do not resent this invitation; in fact, they thoroughly enjoy the hospitality of the quiet corner and come away much happier.

It worked for Grandmother and it is working for me and mine, too! The other morning when I heard my small daughter and several little friends beginning a violent quarrel, I was about to do something about it. But before I could, my little daughter walked in and said, "I think I should like to sit in the quiet corner for a few minutes." Thus has she, too, learned the value and significance of a quiet corner in her life!

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

HEARTHSTONE would like to have its readers tell how they have handled difficult family problems. Contributions should be limited to 500 words or less. Those accepted will be paid for at regular rates. All unpublished manuscripts will be returned if they carry return postage. Here is a chance for our readers to help others!

Training for Grown-Up Days

(From page 19.)

zations. Each one had filled out a questionnaire containing the question, "When did you first become interested in the organization which you now head?" Sixty-three per cent of the answers were "When I was a child," or "When I was in high school." Many wrote that their parents had encour-

aged them in their work.

If our boys and girls are to become strong, happy adults, the good citizens and courageous leaders of tomorrow, we must stop developing flabbiness and weakness in them because we selfishly want to keep them dependent on us—keep them in our arms. We must start training them for grown-up days even before church and school join us in that training.



Keeping Our Schools Free

As parents of girls and boys and young people we are all concerned that our schools shall be the best that they can be. A democracy is dependent upon an educated citizenship. Therefore our interest in and concern for public education is important to the continuance of our democratic institutions.

In the past few years our public schools have been under fire from many different sources. Although criticism of schools and teachers is not new the trend of much of the later attacks is very disturbing. They constitute a real threat to the freedom to speak, and the resulting freedom to learn that is basic in our national way of life.

Parents should read up on the situation to understand the basic dangers. The best, and at the same time, shortest, piece of material to come to our attention is Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 199, published in September, 1953, by the Public Affairs Committee, Inc., 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, N. Y., at twenty-five cents. A study of this pamphlet will set forth the fundamental issues involved and if further reading is desired the pamphlet refers to authentic materials available.

All parents should inform themselves on this important matter.

A Spotlight on "Highlights"

Highlights for Children, we mean. This is a magazine for girls and boys under twelve which *Hearthstone* is happy to recommend to all our parent-readers.

Hearthstone regrets that it is unable to carry as much material for children as it would like. For the most part we are compelled to aim its contents at adults.

Therefore it is glad when it can recommend a monthly magazine that is so rich in reading and activity material for children. *Highlights* is exactly that kind of publication. Parents who are looking for interesting and high-quality material to put reg-

ularly before their children can find it in this publication.

Write to *Highlights for Children*, 37 East Long Street, Columbus, Ohio, for information. Here is something to counteract the questionable influence of a too-steady diet of comics.

Where Is the Heart of the United States?

Is it in her Churches?

Not if there is any truth to Jesus' principle that a man's heart (and a nation's also) is where his treasure is. For during 1950 contributions to the churches for all purposes amounted to only \$1,138,737,506. That is about one-half of one per cent of expenditures by John Q. Public, U.S.A., in that year.

Is it in Public Assistance to the Needy?

By the same test applied above the answer is still No. In 1952 the total amount spent for public assistance to the needy was \$2,393,566,000.

Is it in our Public Education System?

A little more so since the figures show that we spent for all schools in 1950 \$8,795,635,000.

Is it in Alcoholic Beverages?

Even more so as the figures show that over \$9,570,000,000 went for the "cup that jeers" in 1952. We say "over" since this figure does not include bootleg or moonshine products.

Of course, we do not really believe that the heart of our country is completely captured by alcohol. But we are disturbed that so many citizens think more of their daily dram than they do of religion, charity, and education.

Part of our disturbance is caused by these figures from the FBI. In 1952 arrests in 232 cities with populations of 25,000 and up totaled 1,110,675. Of this total liquor-caused offenses amounted to over one-half, or 688,768.

And if advertising is as effective as its advocates claim, we can look forward to that figure and that percentage to increase, year after year.

So, is it any wonder that we express concern for the heart of America?

Hearthstone in YOUR Home!

Hearthstone is to be used in the home. It can help you lift the spiritual level of your family life.

Hearthstone provides assistance to your home in its God-given task of Christian nurture. It believes that to train a child in the way he should go will keep him steady in his later years.

Hearthstone helps you with family devotions which are suitable for use with smaller children in the home.

Hearthstone helps you understand the members of your family and to meet their spiritual needs.

Hearthstone points you to many recreational opportunities which your family can enjoy together.

Hearthstone assists you to come closer to that goal of all Christian homes, which the New Testament describes as "The Church in Your House!"

Introduce Your Friends to Hearthstone!*

Turn to page 30 for the handy order blank.

NEW BOOKS . . .



for home
and work

This Is Missions

BY ALLAN DALE FIERs

OUR CHRISTIAN WITNESS IN AN UNCHRISTIAN WORLD. A day-by-day journal recording a world view of missions by the president of the United Christian Missionary Society who toured England, Europe, the Belgian Congo, the Middle East, India, Thailand, and Japan from Oct., 1952, to Jan., 1953. An illustrated report of missionary work with an ecumenical emphasis. \$3.00

I Have Called You Friends

BY KELLY O'NEALL

New sermons dealing with friendship as the most realistic answer to what makes life worth living. Tells about Jesus' friends: Andrew, John the Baptist, Peter, John, Nicodemus, Zacchaeus, Thomas, etc. \$2.50

Christian Journalism for Today

EDITED BY BENJAMIN P. BROWNE

A who-what-where-why-how manual by 38 leading religious authors and editors. Practical discussions of the many problems of writing for religious publications, with up-to-date market lists and rates of payment. \$3.50

Moments of Worship

BY MARY BETH FULTON

Beauty, faith and originality are combined in these 20, simple, worship services. Each is complete with Scripture, prayers, poems, music suggestions and meditation. For women's groups or private devotions. \$2.00

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A new book of 64 brief, meditative prayers in simple and direct language on seeking new attitudes, for grace at the table, and for use on special occasions. \$1.25

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BY EDITH TILLER OSTEYER

For every pastor, student, layman who wants to put faith and talent to work—a practical text on gathering material, planning compositions, preparing copy and selling completed work. Help on writing feature stories, news articles and fiction. \$3.00

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